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## OUR COLLEGES IN THE REVOLUTION.

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BY HON. J. T. HEADLEY.  
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COLLEGES are usually conservative in their character, and the last institutions that regard popular feeling or yield to popular demands for reform. Their tenacity of a system when once adopted is proverbial. Hence at this day, when such vast innovations and improvements have been made in every department of political and physical science, the course of college education remains substantially the same as it was a hundred years ago. Even *modifications* are strenuously resisted, and at the last, if allowed at all, admitted reluctantly. There are many reasons for this. In the first place, a thorough education, which makes one acquainted with the history of his race, shows him that the changes which faction or passion have produced in it are usually any thing but beneficial; teaches him how delusive are the dreams of the radical reformer; how much easier it is to pull down than to build up, and that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' This knowledge naturally makes him conservative, averse to change. But beside this, the entire system of education being based on the knowledge of the ancients, it would inevitably tend to give those who controlled it any thing but an exalted opinion of modern wisdom. If the *educational* world cannot improve even in its furniture, it is not to be expected that much real improvement should take place outside of it.

Thus possessing all the elements of a strong conservatism, they would naturally be the last to plunge into the vortex of the American Revolution, and if forced into it by the outside pressure of public opinion, would remain sullen spectators of its progress, and not be active, earnest co-workers with it. Instead of this, however, they took the lead in the struggle. Harvard, Yale and Princeton were at the time the three leading colleges in the land, and they moved shoulder to shoulder into the front rank of rebellion. That students, young, enthusiastic, and hating oppression of every kind, should take sides

with the people, was not strange, but the learned and gray-headed presidents and professors went beyond them in zeal and devotion to the common cause. This important fact in our history is always recalled by the scholar and lover of education with the sincerest pleasure and pride. Not only were our colleges the great educational light-houses of the land, but they formed the firmest bulwarks of freedom. We do not refer to the class of men that graduated from these institutions—for nearly all the statesmen and divines of the country were educated in one or the other—but to the attitude of the colleges themselves, as represented by their presidents, faculties and tutors.

Thus we find President Langdon of Harvard with the army previous to the battle of Bunker Hill, animating the men by his prayers and appeals. He was with them on that solemn night when Putnam, having resolved to occupy Bunker Hill, assembled the troops on Cambridge Common. Twilight had deepened into night, and the early stars one by one came out upon the sky as these bold yeomen closed up their ranks and silently stood awaiting the orders to march. The hour, the object in view, the great and doubtful struggle it was to inaugurate, made each heart solemn. While thus standing with muskets on their shoulders under the open sky, President Langdon stepped forward, and taking off his hat, said: 'Let us pray.' It was no formal prayer, such as is often made to give respectability to a public proceeding, but a warm, devout, patriotic one, in which he told the Lord that these men were about to fight in His cause, and invoked His aid and protection, and plead His promises which He made of old to the children of Israel. Harvard, in the person of her President, had taken her position, and all the Colony might see it, for hers was a light that could not be hid.

Afterward, when the provincial Legislature assembled, he was invited to preach before it. In his sermon he told them they had done right in resisting unto blood; spoke of the battle of Bunker Hill, the valor of the men, and the smallness of our loss compared to that of the British as an evidence that God was on our side, and declared that he would continue to be, if we trusted in Him, until complete victory crowned our arms. His sermon was published in a pamphlet form by order of the House and distributed, with the regular proceedings, throughout the Colony. This position of Harvard College, at a time when it was looked up to with reverence, had a powerful effect on the people. Identifying himself still farther with the cause of the Colonies, he, after Washington took command of the army, acted as chaplain, and often he would be seen mounted on a rum hogshead preaching to the soldiers both the duty of a godly life and of fighting bravely for their liberties.

The subsequent evacuation of Boston left Harvard out of the struggle, except so far as her teachings and the moral influence of her position gave it aid. Her course, however, in thus setting her seal to the rebellion, had convinced the British of one thing, that our leading colleges were the nurseries of rebels, and hence they made war upon them with the same ferocity they would have done upon a fort. Indeed they regarded these moral citadels of liberty the more dangerous of the two, and their destruction more essential to success. Probably there never was a war among civilized nations in which seats of learn-

ing became so obnoxious to the enemy as in our Revolution. Such animosity at first sight smacks strongly of barbarism, but we must confess the British had abundant reason for their feeling.

As the tide of war drifted southward, Yale College was swept into the struggle, and right nobly did she follow the example set by Harvard. Hence in 1777, when the College was broken up on account of the threatened invasion of the enemy, Dwight, though then only a tutor, entered the army as chaplain. He had not only written popular songs for liberty, but had instructed his classes in the great doctrine of the duty of resistance. He had the entire faculty with him, and as a proof that Yale College was not only not behind the popular sentiment but in advance of it, take the following statement of President Dwight. He says: 'I urged, in conversation with several gentlemen of great respectability, firm Whigs, and my intimate friends, the importance and even the necessity of a Declaration of Independence on the part of the Colonies, and alleged for this measure the very same arguments which afterward were generally considered as decisive, but found them disposed to give me and my argument a hostile and contemptuous instead of a cordial reception. Yet at this time all the resentment and enthusiasm awakened by the odious measures of Parliament, by the peculiarly obnoxious conduct of the British agents in this country, and by the recent battles of Lexington and Breed's Hill, were at the highest pitch. *These gentlemen may be considered as representatives of the great body of thinking men in this country.* A few perhaps, may be excepted, but none of these durst openly declare their opinion to the public. *For myself, I regarded the die as cast,* and the hope of reconciliation as vanished, and believed the colonists would never be able to defend themselves unless they renounced their dependence on Great Britain.'

The theological eminence of Mr. Dwight does not shed greater glory on Yale College than his patriotic conduct at this time. The time he chose for entering the army shows the generous spirit that actuated him. The battle of Long-Island, followed by the fall of New-York and Fort Washington, and the disastrous flight of Washington through New-Jersey, and the loss of Philadelphia, had filled the country with the profoundest gloom. This was not diminished by the fearful storm that darkened the whole northern horizon. Burgoyne was on his victorious march for Albany. Forts Schuyler, Edward and Ticonderoga, those keys of the north, had fallen one after another, and the heads of his menacing columns were almost in striking distance of the Hudson. The nation held its breath in suspense, for if Clinton from the south should form a junction with him, a cordon of posts would be established between Canada and New-York, the Eastern and Middle Colonies be hopelessly separated, and the Revolution practically crushed. It was at such a time as this, when every eye was turned on that veteran host which with its splendid train of artillery was treading down every thing in its passage, that he threw his lot in with the rebel army. Full of enthusiasm, eloquent and hopeful, he saw beyond the cloud that darkened the heavens and predicted a glorious to-morrow. In his addresses to the troops he would never allow the possibility of ultimate defeat. His full, melodious voice could no longer ring in the halls of college, and

so he transported himself to the tented field to urge on there the great cause in which his heart was so deeply engaged. He was with Putnam's army at Peekskill when the news of the overthrow of Burgoyne at Saratoga was received.

It is impossible at this day to imagine the effect of this victory on the nation. It was received by the army at Peekskill with an enthusiasm bordering on frenzy. Forts Clinton and Montgomery had just fallen, and the British fleet, breaking the boom above West-Point, had ascended the Hudson and burned Esopus, now Kingston, to the ground. The next breeze that swept from the north might bring the disastrous news of the overthrow of Gates, and the junction of the British forces. While in this state of excitement, each one catching eagerly at every rumor that the tide of the Hudson floated southward, there suddenly burst along the bosom of the lordly river the triumphant shout of victory. Glad tears rained from patriotic eyes, murmured thanksgivings rose from hearts too full for utterance, while the granite gateway of the Highlands shook to the thunder of jubilant cannon.

The news reached camp on Saturday, and next day Dwight was invited to preach at head-quarters. His patriotic heart, like that of the meanest soldier, had been thrown into ecstasy at the glorious tidings, and it was now too full and too eager for utterance to require any preparation. Rising before his attentive, brilliant auditory, he took for his text Joel 2: 20: '*I will remove far off from you the northern army.*' The theme and the time were well calculated to kindle his enthusiasm and awaken all his powers of eloquence, and he seemed to the excited troops like one inspired. As he described the 'northern army' in the pride of its power moving southward, making the land a desolation in its passage; its sudden arrest by the untrained farmers, who, leaving their grain unreaped in the fields, had descended to the greater harvest of men; the battle and the victory, old Putnam could hardly control himself. He smiled and winked and nodded at the happy hits and stirring allusions, and when the services closed, was loud in his praises of the discourse. He, however, told in confidence one of the officers that there was no such text in the Bible, that Dwight had made it up for the occasion. Notwithstanding, the sermon, he said, was just as good for all that. The officer replied that he was mistaken, there certainly was such a text in the Bible. Putnam strenuously insisting there was not, the officer got a BIBLE and showed it to him. As the former slowly read it over, he could hardly believe his eyes. At last he exclaimed with a sigh of relief: '*Well, there is every thing in that book, and Dwight knows just where to put his finger on it.*'

There is one incident connected with this victory that is well worth recording here. Under its inspiration Dwight composed his great ode, 'Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise.' It was now full autumn; the forest-clad Highlands had put on their most gorgeous apparelling, as if in sympathy with the universal joy, and all the glories of an American October were spread upon the mountains. The dreamy atmosphere resting like a gentle haze upon the river, wild-fowl sweeping in clouds far over-head seeking the sea, and the falling leaf, all disposed the poetic mind of Dwight to musing, and his country being upper-

most in his heart, he sung of her. The last verse beautifully describes the scenery in which the ode was composed, and one familiar with the cedar-clad shores in the vicinity of Peekskill can easily picture the young poet in his rambles when he says:

‘ Thus as down a lone valley with cedars o’erspread  
From war’s dread confusion I pensively strayed,  
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,  
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunder expired ;  
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,  
And a voice as of angels enchantingly sung :  
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world and the child of the skies.’

Written only one year after the struggle really commenced, amid the gorges of the Highlands, with our chief cities in the hands of the British, it exhibits a wonderful faith in the final triumph of the Colonies, and its inspiring prophecies read to-day like descriptions of past events. He certainly saw farther than most men, and the future spread out before him in entrancing beauty and grandeur.

Here he finished also his poem entitled ‘Canaan,’ which he dedicated to Washington. We feel half-inclined to publish in this connection, as a literary *morceau* of interest, the correspondence between him and Washington about this dedication, but will not. We repeat it, that Dwight, when as it were a fugitive from the halls of Yale, he thus shared the toils and privations of the American army, shed as much lustre on her name, as when afterward in times of peace he was looked up to as its honored head from every part of the land.

The winter that followed this autumn Washington led his army into the gloomy encampment of Valley Forge. Many of the troops in the Highlands, among whom Dwight labored, and with whom he suffered, were but a little better off than those who huddled in the former place.

New-England, after the defeat of Burgoyne, seemed for a while to be left out of the war, so far as any invasion of her territory was concerned, and in 1779 Yale College had recovered in a great measure from its troubles, and was in a prosperous condition.

But in the midst of its tranquillity a rumor reached New-Haven that the British was about to make a descent upon it. The place was immediately thrown into a state of the greatest alarm, and a meeting was called to deliberate on what was to be done. Dr. Dagget was a Professor of Divinity in the College, but in the interim of regular presidents, had been elected president *pro tem*. The College of course would be again broken up by this invasion. The students, such as did not wish to unite in any plan of resistance, could easily scatter into the back-country ; but the great question was, what should be done with the inhabitants ? Various plans and propositions were presented, and at length the President of Yale College was asked his opinion. It was well known that he had preached the duty of resistance as obedience to God, and shown himself in every way an ardent patriot ; but what he would advise when the overwhelming and insolent foe was at the door, was quite another thing. The students, who had often been fired by his eloquent appeals, were

not a little curious to know what their President and Professor of Divinity would counsel in this fearful emergency. The character of the College they considered to be at stake, for if their President advised tame submission, an abject attitude, on the ground that resistance would be of no avail, the institution at whose head he stood would be compromised. They hoped, therefore, he would take a manly course, even if he deemed it best to pursue a peaceable one. They were not long kept in suspense, for when their venerated teacher arose, the flashing eye and compressed lip told them at once that Yale need not fear for her patriotic reputation. Instead of consulting moderation, and weighing all the suggestions as to the various courses to be pursued, he took the ground of the soldier at once, and said, no matter what else they might do, they must at all hazards *fight*; and then to let them know that this was not the advice of one who by his profession and position was exempt from military duty, he coolly informed them that if no other person was found to resist he should *fight alone*.

It was finally resolved to raise a volunteer company of a hundred men, who should march out in the morning and retard the enemy, so as to give the inhabitants as much time as possible to remove their effects.

In the mean time the exciting news came that Tryon, with a force twenty-five hundred strong, had landed at West-Haven, only five miles distant, and was about to march directly on the place. In an instant all was confusion and alarm, and the inhabitants, on foot and in carriages, and alone and in groups, were seen pouring out of the city toward the open country. In the midst of the alarm, the volunteers, at the stirring notes of the fife and drum, hastily assembled, and armed with such weapons as they could lay their hands on, took the road toward West-Haven. It was a hot July morning, but they pressed cheerfully on, determined to retard if they could not arrest the heavy force advancing against them. As they looked around, however, they did not see President Dagget among them. Parson Trumbull, of North-Haven, was there mounted on his horse, that could stand fire as well as he, for both had been under it before. Dagget apparently had at the last moment backed out; the good Professor of Divinity could talk bravely, but when it came to smelling gunpowder it made a difference.

But while they were marching along, a cloud of dust was seen to rise along the road toward New-Haven, and soon a solitary horseman appeared in view galloping fiercely forward. They at first thought it was some messenger sent to overtake them, but when the rider drew near they beheld to their surprise President Dagget on his old black mare with a long fowling-piece in his hand. The faithful animal had often jogged around the streets of New-Haven, and along the country roads, bearing her dignified master at a dignified rate of speed, and was astonished to find herself tearing like a racer along the highway. The volunteers supposing that he had come to join them, and make good his word, received him with loud cheers. With Parson Trumbull and President Dagget to show them how to fight, they felt they could easily do their duty. To their surprise, however, he did not stop to join them, but, turning neither to the right nor the left, pushed straight on toward the enemy. Con-



cluding, he was hastening forward to reconnoitre, they gave him a parting cheer, and pressed on after him. Dagget, after advancing some distance, turned from the main road, and ascended an eminence crowned with a grove, where he halted, and took a survey of the surrounding country. The little band of volunteers keeping more to the south, swept round the base of the hill, and soon came upon the advance-guard of the enemy. Throwing themselves behind a fence, they poured in a destructive volley which brought it to a sudden halt. Following up their advantage, they broke cover, and leaping the fence drove the astonished guard before them. Firing and shouting as they advanced, they chased it from fence to fence, and across field after field until they suddenly found themselves in front of the whole army. As far as the eye could reach on either side, the green fields were red with scarlet uniforms, the extending wings ready at the word of command to enfold them, and cut off every avenue of escape. Instantly halting, and taking in the full extent of their danger, they did not wait for the word of command, but turned and run for their lives. As they fled along the base of the hill, on the top of which Doctor Dagget had taken his station, they were surprised he did not join them. But the blood of the patriotic President was thoroughly aroused, and he scorned to retreat. Casting a quiet glance upon the confusion and terror below him, he turned toward the enemy, and levelling his fowling-piece at those more advanced, blazed away. As the British pressed after the fugitives, they were surprised to hear every few moments the solitary report of a gun from the grove on the hill. At first they paid but little attention to it, but the bullets finding their way steadily into the ranks, they were compelled to notice it, and sent up a detachment to see what it meant. The President saw them coming, but never moved from his position. His mare stood near him, and he could any moment have mounted and fled, but this seemed never to have entered his head. He was thinking only of the enemy, and loaded and fired as fast as he could.

When the detachment reached the grove, the officer commanding it saw to his amazement, only a venerable man in black quietly loading his fowling-piece to have another shot. Pausing a moment at the extraordinary spectacle of a single clergyman thus coolly fighting the whole British army, he exclaimed: 'What are you doing there, you old fool, firing on his Majesty's troops?' The Professor of Divinity looked up in the most unconcerned manner, and replied: '*Exercising the rights of war.*' The whole affair seemed to strike the officer comically, and amused rather than offended at the audacity of the answer, he said: 'If I let you go this time, you old rascal, will you ever again fire on the troops of his Majesty?' '*Nothing more likely,*' was the imperturbable reply. This was too much for the good-temper of the Briton, and he ordered his men to seize him. They did, and dragged him roughly down the hill to the head of the column.

The volunteers in their retreat tore down the bridge over the river after crossing it, thus compelling the British to march two miles further up stream before they could effect a passage. The latter immediately placed Doctor Dagget on foot at the head of the column, and told him to lead the way. It was

the fifth of July, and one of the hottest days of the year, and as it was now near meridian the heat was overpowering. The strongest man unaccustomed to exposure would sink under such a burning sun, and Doctor Dagget soon became exhausted from the heat as well as from the driving pace they kept him at. He, however, staggered on until at last, feeling he could not take another step, he halted, and endeavored to lean against the fence for support. But the enraged soldiers would not allow him a moment's rest, and ruthlessly pricked him on with their bayonets, at the same time showering curses on his rebel head. With every indication of weariness the point of the bayonet forced him to rally his sinking energies, while the blood flowed in streams down his dress. As they entered the streets of the town, the soldiers commenced shooting the peaceable citizens whenever they dared to show themselves, and as one after another fell in his sight Doctor Dagget expected his turn would come next. At length they reached the green, and halted, when he sunk exhausted and bleeding on the grass. A Tory coming out to welcome the British, saw the pale, dusty and bleeding President lying on the ground, and shocked at the sight, besought the commanding officer in the name of humanity to spare his life. He granted his request with an insulting epithet, and the wounded man was carried into a neighboring house more dead than alive. His utter exhaustion, combined with the brutal treatment he had received, brought on a fever that reduced him so low that his life was despaired of. Having a strong constitution, he rallied, however, and was able a part of the next year to preach in the chapel, but his system had received a shock from which it could not entirely recover, and in sixteen months he was borne to the grave, adding one more to the list of noble souls who considered no sacrifice too great for their country. Ezra Stiles, who succeeded him as President, nobly sustained the patriotic character of the College. As far back as 1760, on the reduction of Canada by the English, he foresaw the struggle which must eventually take place between the Colonies and the mother country, and in a sermon delivered in honor of that event he used the following remarkable language: 'It is probable that in time there will be formed a provincial confederacy, and a common council, standing on free provincial suffrage, and this in time may terminate in an imperial diet, when the imperial dominion will subsist as it ought in election.'

The late Chancellor Kent, one of his pupils, said of him: 'A more constant and devoted friend of the Revolution and independence of the country never existed. He had anticipated it as early as 1760, and his whole soul was enlisted in every measure which led on gradually to the formation and establishment of the American Union.'

This was the grand and noble attitude of Yale before and in the Revolution, and her children may point with pride to her past history, not only for the influence she has exerted on the intellect of the nation, and the great men she has given to it, but for the part she bore in shaping public opinion, that brought on the struggle for independence, and in sharing the perils and sufferings of the struggle itself.

Princeton, with the staunch old patriot Witherspoon at its head, worthily



closes the little list of noble American colleges that moved on in front of the rebellion, and taught not students the principles of science, but the *people* the more important principles of self-government. One who, though a minister, gallantly rallied under the flag of the Pretender, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk, would not be apt to show backwardness in any struggle that his conscience approved. Hence when open hostilities between the Colonies and mother country broke out, he boldly flung Princeton College into the contest to share its vicissitudes and its fate. When Congress appointed a day of fasting and prayer, in May, 1776, he preached a sermon on the great political questions of the day, which was published on both sides of the Atlantic, for he had a European reputation, and the firm stand he took it was well known would have a powerful influence in deciding the issue.

A few days after the delivery of this sermon, the Provincial Congress of New-Jersey met, and he was sent a delegate to it. The Governor, who had opposed the action of the patriots, was brought before it to answer for his conduct. As he entered the hall, escorted by a military guard, his demeanor was haughty and overbearing, and he contemptuously refused to answer any of the questions that were put to him, saying that they were an illegal assembly, ignorant, low-bred men, wholly unfit and unable to devise any measures for the public good, and deserved to be hung as rebels. Witherspoon fixed his keen eye upon him, and listened in suppressed scorn and indignation to his insolent tirade, and the moment he closed sprung to his feet, and unbottling the stores of irony and sarcasm that had been rapidly filling, poured on the astonished representative of the King a rebuke so withering that the Assembly sat and gazed on him in mute wonder. He coolly reminded the Governor of his illegitimate origin, the early neglect of his education, and well-known ignorance of all scientific and liberal knowledge, to show him with how little propriety he could denounce them as ignorant, incapable men, and closed by saying: 'On the whole, Mr. President, I think that Governor Franklin has made us a speech every way worthy of his *exalted birth and refined education*.

A vote to depose the Governor was immediately taken and carried.

The very next day Witherspoon was elected to represent New-Jersey in the Continental Congress. He took his seat a few days before the Declaration of Independence was presented, and among the lofty intellects then assembled in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, at that time, he was among the first. No doubt, no vacillation marked his course. Intrepid, resolute and far-seeing, he gave the whole weight of his great influence to the side of *complete* independence. When the Declaration was reported, and laid before Congress for their adoption and signature, every one felt that a fearful crisis had come. Some true patriots wavered, for the step which should forever separate them from the mother country, and launch the Colonies on a war the end of which no man could foresee, was a momentous one. That august body felt the tremendous responsibility that rested upon it, and a deep and solemn silence reigned throughout the Hall. In the midst of it, Witherspoon rose and said: 'Mr. President, that noble instrument on your table, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed *this very morning* by every pen in the House.

He who will not respond to its accents, and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is unworthy the name of freeman. Although these gray hairs must descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they should descend thither by the hand of the executioner, than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country.' Those noble words, coming as they did, from such a venerable man, and who, as a person of rare ability, and President of Princeton College, occupied a position second to none in the land, had a profound effect on all. A timid member ventured to remark that the country was not ripe for such a declaration of independence. Witherspoon broke in: 'In my judgment, Sir, we are not only ripe, but *rotten*.'

With an untrembling hand, and a firm, fearless heart, he put his name to that immortal instrument. He continued a member of Congress for six years, and took the lead in some of the most important measures adopted by that body.

It is not necessary here to enumerate these, or refer to his addresses to the people on the recommendation of fasts, his speeches against the prodigal issue of paper-money, and the efficient aid he brought to the cause of liberty in every department. In the darkest hour his courage never faltered, and when Congress became reduced to a miserable cabal of ambitious men, he was found, like Abdiel, 'faithful among the faithless.'

When Wilkinson made his tardy appearance on the floor of Congress, with the standards sent it by General Gates from the field of Saratoga, and a member moved that he be voted a costly sword for his services, Witherspoon seeing through all this delay, and penetrating the contemptible designs of himself and Gates to unseat Washington as commander-in-chief, arose, and with an emphasis and tone that pierced like a dagger, proposed that in place of a sword, the '*messenger should be rewarded with a pair of gold spurs*.'

The cause of American liberty had no abler or more devoted friend of liberty, through the long struggle of the Revolution, than he. At its triumphant close, he returned to his duties as President of Princeton College.

In all physical struggles, we are very apt to overlook the value of moral influence; but we must remember that in a contest where every thing seems to depend on hard blows, moral influence performs half the work. So in our Revolution, we are prone to follow exclusively the great military movements, and forget the secret, silent power that underlay it all. In this respect our colleges occupied an important position, and exercised a leading influence. All honor to them then for the confidence they have inspired in their ability, not only to instruct our youth in the higher branches of education, but to guide public sentiment aright on the great questions of civil liberty.

We might also refer to Prince William and Mary College, which, when broken up by the war, sent half of her students into the ranks, and among them Madison; and Brown University, whose President, in 1786, was one of the delegates to the Convention that formed our Constitution, to show that from the least to the greatest, they stood shoulder to shoulder in the 'times that tried men's souls:' but enough has been said to establish the claim they have on the gratitude of the country.

## DERRICK VAN DAM.

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BY JOHN T. IRVING, AUTHOR OF 'THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.'

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AMONG the mass of valuable information accumulated by my respected kinsman, the late Barent Van Brunt, I came across another manuscript in the hand-writing of Mr. Volkert Van Gelder, relating to the founder of that family at Matinecock. In a former number of the KNICKERBOCKER were set forth some of the troubles and annoyances which had beset that distinguished man when in bitterness of spirit he turned his back upon his native city and buried himself and his grief in the unexplored recesses of Matinecock.

The various aggressions of the pioneers who had preceded him, and who had endeavored to deprive him of his territories, rankled in his mind long after these difficulties had been adjusted. The ringleader in these acts of hostility had been one Ebenezer Cock; a tall, stiff, raw-boned New-Englander, with a face like parchment, a high nose, with eyes close together, and looking straight forward, like those of a lobster. He was one of your hard-headed, close-fisted disputants, who never become excited, but are endowed with untiring perseverance and immeasurable wind.

To him Teunis Von Gelder bore a mortal antipathy, for he had not only laid claim to the lands on which the Dutchman had settled, but had added the farther insult of proving his claim to be just. The claim might have been borne, but the insult was intolerable. But if Ebenezer had powers of argument, the Dutchman had tenacity of purpose; and the warfare was carried on with cautious perseverance on one side, and on the other with vehement animosity, backed by an obstinacy which had never been known to yield.

In the midst of this turmoil he had no friend nor confidant, except his trusty negro Ryck, who had grown up with him, had followed him in battle, and now shared his exile. Together they used to patrol the place, keeping a watchful eye on the adjacent country, the old man recounting the glories of his native city, and thanking God that his only son was safe in Holland, where he could hear nothing spoken except his mother tongue, and was beyond the contaminating influence of the conquerors of his beloved town.

At this time the monotony of his life was interrupted by the arrival of one Derrick Van Dam, a distant kinsman, who had recently returned from abroad. He was a gallant, stalwart fellow, of about three-and-twenty. He presented himself one day to the astonished eyes of Teunis and the admiring ones of Ryck, without notice or word of warning. He had been so long absent that the veteran did not recognize him, but instinctively was girding up his loins for battle, when the light, ringing laugh of his relative stole across his ear like a strain of long-forgotten music, touching some chord in his heart which had been long unstrung. The old man took him to his arms, and with a feeling of almost childish desolation, wept upon his breast. The weakness was but mo-

mentary. The next moment his martial spirit revived, and he forthwith began to calculate how much strength this recruit would add to his garrison. To his kinsman he recounted his grievances and described the persecutions of the myrmidons of the neighborhood with so much earnestness, that the feelings of the young man were fairly enlisted, and he pledged himself to stand by his ancient friend through thick and thin. He scouted the idea of defensive warfare, but suggested an immediate onslaught upon the enemy, that they should be smitten hip and thigh, and that particular attention should be shown to the indefatigable Ebenezer Cock. He proposed to sack the city where he dwelt. The dim eye of the veteran fairly glowed to find an ally so much after his own heart. He applauded the spirit which dictated the proposition, but suggested as an obstacle that there was no city to sack.

‘What can we do? Has he no property?’

‘Yes, large lands and crops.’

‘Has he any sons? I’ll challenge them!’

The veteran shook his head. ‘He has but one child — a daughter.’

‘Is she handsome?’

Teunis replied that she was.

‘Say no more!’ was the prompt answer. ‘I’ll make love to her. The thing’s settled!’

Teunis regarded his confederate with a shrewd eye. Whatever his thoughts may have been, he kept them to himself; and when his visitor retired he rubbed his hands with an air of keen enjoyment as he bade him good-night.

No time was lost in carrying out their warlike resolutions; and the success of the young man in making his mark was such that not a settler within ten miles but had heard of him. The women declared that he ought to be ashamed of himself and the men that he ought to be hung. So vain-glorious did old Teunis become, that he began to entertain vague ideas of laying claim to the whole territory between Matinecock and Flushing, and of expelling every Cock from the country!

While Derrick Van Dam was thus running riot and carrying dismay throughout the land, all idea of attack upon the domicile of Ebenezer seemed to have passed from his mind. His hardihood, what a terrible fellow he was in a hand-to-hand encounter, what a fine-looking fellow he was too, his generosity and his deadly animosity to the entire Cock family, were the sole topics of talk in the sparsely settled district, and were not long in reaching the ears of the daughter and heiress of Ebenezer Cock.

Freelove, for such was her name, had grown up beneath the shadow of her father, and the acid eye and warm temper of a step-mother. Under this combination of heat and cold she had ripened into a fine blooming maiden, warm of heart, somewhat quick of temper, and as unconscious of her charms as young beauties usually are. She was also known to be one of the best brought-up girls on Long Island, having had every fault carefully held up to her disapprobation by her watchful step-mother, whose rough tongue was the terror of the country and had rasped Ebenezer down to skin and bone.

When the report of the menaces of Derrick Van Dam reached the ears of the maiden, she espoused the cause of her father with great vivacity. She vowed undying animosity against Teunis Van Gelder, was particularly bitter in her animadversions on his young ally, and usually concluded by stating that she would like to have an opportunity of giving him a piece of her mind in person. Whether the fear of encountering her sharp tongue had any effect in preventing Derrick from carrying out his menace, I cannot say; but certain it is, that although once or twice he had accidentally seen the girl near her father's house, and had been not a little struck with her charms, he continued to keep aloof from her, having no doubt learned in the course of his foreign travel that a woman's tongue is a weapon difficult to parry, especially if she be young and fair.

The girl soon had other matters to think of. She had grown up with that antipathy to the opposite sex, which is the peculiarity of young girls, and vowed that she would never marry; yet the fame of her beauty had extended far beyond her paternal domains, and several young vagabonds of that class who usually admire young maidens, had made overtures for her hand. In reply to these, Ebenezer put on his spectacles, looked them full in the face, investigated the length of their purses, and returned a decided negative. Nor did he trouble his daughter by communicating their proposals.

At length a new candidate made his appearance. He was a stern, iron-strung soldier, who had been a hard fighter in the Indian wars. He was named Seth Pinchon, and was possessed of a large tract of land not far from Oyster Bay, consisting principally of sand-bars and salt-meadows, and prolific in clams and musquitoes. Seth Pinchon had been the right-hand man of Captain John Underhill in most of his battles with the Indians both on the main land and on Long Island. He had made himself memorable in the desperate fight with the Massapequa Indians, when their fort was destroyed and the power of the tribe broken. He was gaunt and raw-boned, with a face seamed with scars, and a complexion hardened and tanned by exposure and service, until it had assumed both the color and consistency of sole-leather. He had also been an active partisan against the Dutch in the disputes between them and the English.

As long as the Dutch had maintained their domination over any part of the Island, these broils had given him constant occupation, occasionally varied by his chastising a refractory Indian tribe which might have dared to maintain that their territories were their own.

However, the battle with the Massapeguas was the last great struggle of the Long-Island Indians. The Dutch, too, were subdued, and Seth Pinchon retired to his lair at Oyster Bay, near the abode of his old commander John Underhill. His occupation being gone, he bethought himself that he was becoming stricken in years and that it was high time to settle in life. In one of his marauds he had fallen in with the daughter of Ebenezer Cock; and although he was not prone to tender feelings, yet she had made such an impression upon him, that now when the pressure of his various avocations was removed, her image rose in his mind as his future help-meet. He set about the

accomplishment of his object with that directness of purpose which was his great characteristic.

Having bestowed more than usual care upon his person, he mounted his horse and directed his course to the dwelling of Ebenezer Cock. It was a quiet, snug little farm-house, built upon the borders of a forest and commanding a wide view of fields of grain, which sloped off to the Sound. Every thing about it indicated ease and comfort, for Ebenezer was known to be a thrifty man.

As the cavalier rode up, Freelove met him at the door with a beaming smile. She had no suspicion that she was at the bottom of his visit, but the renown of the campaigner excited in her a desire to obtain from him that admiration which the gentler sex is apt to crave from those who have made a name by courage and prowess in arms.

Seth Pinchon felt more embarrassment at her salutation than he would have done in storming a fortress. He dismounted and shambled into the house with a side-long gait, having more the air of a sheep-stealer than of one on his way to storm a fair lady's heart. Ebenezer Cock received him with cordiality, but with the erectness peculiar to his race. He heard his proposal with stern satisfaction, for he felt that amid the aggressions of Teunis Van Gelder, a son-in-law of a calibre like that of the staunch campaigner at his elbow would be a powerful auxiliary. He accepted his offer at once, and told him that he might consider the matter settled. There was one, however, who heard the proposal and its acceptance with very different feelings. This was Freelove herself. She had not accompanied the soldier into the room, but had lingered at the door, and had over-heard all that had passed. With a sinking heart she stole off to her own room, and kept out of sight until the heavy tramp of hoofs told her that Seth Pinchon was departing. From the window she caught sight of his erect figure as he rode off.

In the form of the fair Freelove there was not a little spirit; and every feeling was in arms at being thus unceremoniously disposed of. She determined that the grim warrior who had so little knowledge of female nature as to overlook her wishes in such a matter, should meet his match. She kept her own counsel, but maintained a keen watch over the movements of her father.

No sooner was it noised about that Seth Pinchon was to carry off the much-coveted prize, than the whole country from Flushing to Huntington was in a blaze of excitement. At last, rumors of the intended wedding reached the ears of Derrick Van Dam, who had been for some time past ensconced in the fortress at Matinecock, hatching new projects of mischief. He forthwith sallied out for information; nor was he long in learning that though betrothed to Seth Pinchon, the heart of the girl had little share in the matter. Had she been about to wed one of her own age, and to whom she went heart and hand, a spirit of high-bred chivalry, a dash of which was mingled with his reckless character, would have prevented Derrick, notwithstanding his former menace, from interfering. As it was, he looked upon Seth Pinchon as little better than the corsairs, who were scouring the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and making prey of every fair maiden upon whom they could lay hands. He did not



hesitate to declare his intention to take the field against his military rival, and to proclaim openly that Freelove was the fairest maiden on Long-Island, and that he would marry her in spite of Seth Pinchon. This menace reached the ears of Freelove. At any other time it would have excited her ire; but matters were approaching a crisis with her, and the prospect of escape, even by being carried off by a scapegrace whom she had never seen, and whom she had denounced on all occasions, seemed a positive relief.

Still day after day slipped by. Rumors of his pranks, of his reckless forays into the territories of the Cocks and the Lattings and the Frosts, the Wrights and the Weeks, his utter disregard of territorial rights and Indian grants, rang through the country; but no incursion of his had extended inside the dwelling of the Cocks, nor had there been the slightest demonstration of a more tender character.

In the mean time these vaunts had excited Ebenezer Cock's wrath to a white heat. He declared that Derrick was no better than a freebooter, and that he would have him hung if he got him in his power. Freelove's heart sank at these menaces: it was heavy too on her own account; for the house was alive with the bustle of preparation for the wedding. Apples were hanging in festoons at the windows; pumpkins were brought in for pies; sheets, toweling, and all the various items of house-wifery which denote that a daughter and an heiress is to launch her bark in life, were about her. Amid all, she drooped and the bloom faded from her cheek.

In vain, well-meaning friends endeavored to cheer her by sounding the praises of her intended bridegroom. They told how many Indians he had scalped, how many towns he had sacked, and recounted his numerous adventures by flood and field. Had these exploits been connected with a young and handsome person, it is not improbable that they might have added to his merits in her eyes; but as they only brought to her mind the gaunt, battle-worn exterior of Seth Pinchon, she turned away and said that he must be a cruel wretch. As the fated hour approached she would steal away and wander through the woods, endeavoring to plan some mode of escape, yet feeling that her plans and schemes must fail beneath the iron will of those who controlled her. One afternoon, under the influence of these feelings, she wandered off into the woods, too much absorbed in her own thoughts to notice whither she directed her steps. She had gone farther than usual, and was about turning homeward when a twig, snapping beneath a foot-step, caught her attention. Indians at that time still lurked in the forests, and suspicious characters were known to be prowling around the settlements, living equally by plundering the savage and the white man. With a feeling of trepidation the girl turned toward the sound, and beheld a young man standing within a few feet of her. He was gazing at her with a look of extreme surprise, which look was equally reflected in her own face. The stranger raised his hat respectfully. 'I think I have the honor of addressing Miss Cock?'

There was something in his air which inspired confidence; and although he gazed at her with an expression of the most intense admiration, yet his tone was so respectful that she could not take offence. Whom could he be? He

was evidently a stranger in this part of the country. His appearance differed from that of one brought up in the wilds of Long-Island. While these thoughts were passing through her mind, she was directing her steps homeward. The stranger hinted that improper characters were said to be prowling about, and suggested that he should escort her until she arrived within sight of her father's house. The girl seemed to acquiesce, and he took his station at her side. By degrees as they went on, their steps became more and more slow; their conversation was carried on in a tone so low, that although there were no listeners, it was scarcely above a whisper. The color in the girl's cheek, too, came and went as she listened. Once or twice in the course of the conversation the name of Seth Pinchon passed between them. Gradually the stranger spoke more earnestly. Frelove did not look up; her eyes were fixed on the ground. The manner of the other became more urgent; it was evident that he was making a passionate appeal. 'In this hope,' added he in conclusion to some remark, 'I have lingered here from day to day, and until now I have watched in vain.'

The girl ventured to steal a glance at the handsome eyes which were bent upon her own; her heart throbbed at the gaze which they encountered. It was evident that the declarations which he had poured into her ear were genuine. None other could come from a person with such eyes; but as yet the stranger had mentioned only his love, not his name; it could do no harm to know it, even if she had to tell him that he must be disappointed in his hopes. So, with a fluttering heart and a faint voice, she said it was very odd that such a proposal should come from an entire stranger.

Her companion hesitated and stood looking on the ground. At last he said sadly: 'I fear my name is not one that you will like to hear. I fear it now a thousand times more than I did an hour ago, for then I might have forgotten you, but now —'

He did not finish the sentence, but the sad gesture which accompanied his words convinced Frelove that if he lived to the age of Methuselah, her image would never be effaced from his bosom. She stood expecting his reply with some apprehension, and yet with it was mingled an odd kind of feeling, which she did not understand, but which she knew that she did not entertain toward Seth.

'Well,' said the stranger, drawing a long breath, 'I am Derrick Van Dam!'

A vague surmise that such might be the fact had already entered the mind of the girl, and for an instant her heart beat wildly; the next moment she became deadly pale. Derrick seized her hand in both of his, and poured forth his protestations of devotion in language that might have melted half-a-dozen female hearts; but there is something unaccountable in the ways of a woman, and he who would trace out the windings of her heart must be a more profound philosopher than I am; for although but a short time before she had been hoping and longing for this very occurrence as her last chance of escape, yet now, when Derrick stood before her, glowing with manly beauty far greater than she had expected, and had ventured to utter the words which she had been so

anxious to hear, she received him with an air of chilling reserve, and did not fail to let him know that his boast of wooing and winning her had reached her ears. Indeed, she carried her imprudence farther, for she concluded by telling him that he might look for a bride among those who held themselves more cheaply than she held herself.

Derrick's hopes, which had been high, were completely dashed by this sudden change of tone. He was a bold fellow where hard blows and round knocks were going on; but his heart was as tender as a child's. Her reception cut him to the quick; for all that he had of love, he had unconsciously bestowed upon her, and what with dreaming and pondering over her perfections, he had become deeply involved. Here were all his day-dreams scattered to the winds. He was a manly, frank-hearted fellow, who did not understand the caprices of the little heart which was beating beneath the trim boddice before him, nor could he fathom the glance of the soft yet mischievous eye, which was already relenting, as it watched him. So he took her hand respectfully as he said: 'I suppose it was wrong to speak as I did, and you have done right to tell me so. I am a stranger to you, and yet I have loved you well, more than I can ever love any one else. I should not have spoken to you to-day, but I had heard that you were to be married soon, against your will! and the time was so short that I dared not wait. It would have been wiser if I had delayed. Good-by.'

He bent over her dimpled hand and pressed it to his lips. As he did so the soft, warm fingers clasped his own. He looked up: two dark eyes, moist with tears, were beaming on his face.

'Do n't go, do n't go,' was all she could utter. The next moment she gave way to a paroxysm of tears and buried her face in her hands.

Derrick was beside himself. He reiterated his protestations of attachment; he swore that he would never leave her; he begged her to let him know the cause of her sorrow. If there was any thing that she would like to have done, he would do it. If there was any one whom she would like to have exterminated, he would strangle him with pleasure; she had but to say the word, for he was her most abject slave.

Freelove gradually became composed under these assurances, and communicated the cause of her trouble — her approaching marriage with Seth Pinchon. She said that matters were progressing with alarming speed.

'We are to be married in a week.'

'A week!' exclaimed Derrick. 'It's an age. I'll marry you in an hour.'

It cannot be denied that a smile of satisfaction brightened the face of the girl at the ardor of her youthful suitor; and that this headlong mode of courtship was playing the very deuce with the prospects of Seth Pinchon. It is useless to dwell upon a scene where both were of accord, and nothing but maiden modesty prevented the girl from yielding to the wishes of her new suitor. Still it was agreed between them that this interview should be kept secret, and that they should meet on the following day to devise means of thwarting her father and Seth. The propriety of making a formal demand of her hand was suggested by Derrick, but the girl seemed to fear that it might precipitate

her marriage with Seth. No conclusion was arrived at except that she pledged herself to become Mrs. Van Dam at all hazards.

Matters being thus adjusted between them and sealed in due form, Derrick mounted his horse, which had been tied to a tree close at hand, and galloped off to Matinecock to take Teunis Van Gelder into his confidence; while the fair Freeloze stole back to her home with a heart lighter than it had been since the shadow of Seth Pinchon had first darkened her threshold. Teunis listened to his confederate's story with a kind of paternal interest. A feeling of grim satisfaction pervaded his bosom at the idea of circumventing Ebenezer and his hard-fighting son-in-law. Yet for a moment his eye was troubled, and placing his hard, brown finger on the arm of the young man, he looked full in his face as he said: 'Remember! she is but a girl; you would not wrong her?'

'God forbid!' was the earnest reply.

'Then I'm with you. But you had better marry her without asking Ebenezer. It would save much trouble and a great waste of words. He's a very windy fellow.'

This advice harmonized well with the wishes of Derrick, and he concluded to sleep on it and to make up his mind in the morning. The result of the night's deliberation was a determination to obtain a second interview with Freeloze, to reconnoitre the ground again, and to be guided by circumstances. In the mean time, it was necessary to keep a watchful eye over Ebenezer and Seth, for at that time a species of law, administered in later days by Judge Lynch, was in vogue on the borders, and Derrick felt that with Ebenezer and Seth as judge and jury, and himself as the culprit, the law would be rigidly enforced. He was, however, a person not apt to trouble himself about grievances which might never occur, and beside, there was something pleasant in the bare idea of invading the stronghold of the Cocks, and carrying off their treasure. Moreover, he was raised above all paltry considerations of danger by the confessions which he had drawn from the fair Freeloze on the previous day. He set out with a word of caution from Teunis to enter into no arguments with old Cock, and also with a hint from Ryck 'to keep his eyes skinned' when he got in the neighborhood of Seth. He went on foot to escape observation better, and reached his place of destination without molestation and without meeting a single person. For some time he kept in the woods near the house watching for the girl. He was there at the appointed hour, yet she had not arrived. He cleared his throat; he whistled, and made various demonstrations to attract her in case she were concealed in the neighborhood, but no Freeloze appeared. He felt certain that something must be wrong, and he determined to approach the house. He stole up cautiously, so as not to be seen, until he came near a window. He raised his head above the sill and looked in. As he did so, he encountered not the face of Freeloze, but the grim, scarred visage of Seth Pinchon, who with instinctive readiness for emergencies, gripped him by the throat the moment he saw him; at the same time, he called out for assistance. Derrick was not to be captured so easily: he returned the gripe of the veteran by a similar grasp of the throat, and for a moment it was a question who should strangle the other first. During the

struggle Derrick fairly dragged the old soldier out of the window and they fell upon the ground, where the battle raged furiously, until Ebenezer, aroused by the noise, came to the assistance of his son-in-law, accompanied by one of his workmen, and by the combined efforts of the three, Derrick was overpowered. He was taken into the house, confined in an upper room, and told that as he seemed so anxious to see the inside of the dwelling, he should have a chance.

The Indian fighter had been too watchful for the young man. He had observed him lurking about the premises for a day or two, and had been on the look-out for him. His boasts respecting his intended wife had reached his ears, and he had a welcome prepared for him whenever he should cross his path.

Ebenezer was not a little alarmed at the effect of this proceeding. He knew that Teunis was not a man to permit his friend to be seized with impunity, and his heart sank at the idea of the fury of the hard-headed Dutchman. But his grim confederate was as obdurate and impervious to fear as Teunis himself, and he insisted that Derrick should be kept in durance. He even suggested the propriety of hanging him on the spot. In his wars against the Indians he had acquired a habit of doing these things which he found it difficult to break. Nothing was settled except that time should be taken to deliberate. Seth Pinchon, with that keen relish for strife which had become a part of his nature, penned a note to Teunis in characters as stiff and downright as his own blows, informing him that Derrick Van Dam had been detected in the act of breaking in the house of Ebenezer Cock, and had been secured; that as the crime was by law punishable with death, he presumed that he would be hung. Having penned this epistle without the knowledge of Ebenezer, he dispatched it, and passed the rest of the day in quite a complacent state of mind at the idea of the uproar which he had inevitably excited at Matinecock. He was right in his surmise as to the anger of the Dutchman, but he had not calculated on his promptitude of action. No sooner had he read the letter than he turned to the bearer of it and told him that he could not leave the place.

'Here, Ryck, lock up the fellow in the corn-crib, and set the dog to watch him.'

A sharp whistle called to his side a dog with a square muzzle and eyes protruding from fat and ill-nature. He walked stiffly up, eyeing the prisoner and Ryck as if to ascertain the nature of his duty.

'Do you think I can't get out of that?' said the man, pointing to the place of confinement with a contemptuous sneer.

'Try it,' replied Teunis. 'The dog will be *kind* to you if he catches you at it.'

This was all that passed; and Ryck, accompanied by the dog as an auxiliary, hurried the prisoner to the corn-crib, bolting him in. The dog quietly stretched himself on the ground in front of it, and watched the prisoner through the bars, without winking or removing his eyes from him.

A hurried consultation was held with Ryck, and then the veteran and his ancient body-guard sallied out, and long before Seth Pinchon dreamed that his missive had reached its destination, Teunis was on his errand of retaliation.

He was mounted on a tall, raw-boned trotting steed, as head-strong and fiery as himself, while Ryck followed him on a strong-built cart-horse. They were both armed to the teeth. They took their course through Lattintown, until they came to the remote region which is now known as Buckram. Their war-like appearance created no little consternation, for, like the Ishmaelite of old, the Dutchman's hand was against every man. It was evident from their equipment that mischief was on foot, and none knew where the blow would fall. They did not draw rein until they arrived at the dwelling of Ebenezer Cock.

Seth Pinchon, not expecting so speedy a reply to his letter, was absent; but Ebenezer had descried them in the distance, and had a glimmering of the nature of the visit. He had no objection to meeting the veteran in the field of argument, but he had a mortal antipathy to bodily encounter, and had withdrawn, leaving the field to his adversary and his dwelling garrisoned by his wife, in whose powers he had such confidence that it is said his face lighted up with a solemn smile at the idea of the reception which would await the veteran when he ventured to assail the stronghold of the Cocks.

The loud summons of Teunis was answered by a shrill response, telling him to come in and say what he wanted. Teunis was a man of few words, and his errand was a simple one. He produced the missive which he had received from Seth Pinchon, read it aloud, and said: 'That he had come in quest of Derrick Van Dam, who was detained by unlawful means.'

Mrs. Cock, like many of her sex, was better at vituperation than at argument, and as she could not deny that she knew where the prisoner was, she did not attempt it, but let loose upon her visitor the flood-gates of her voice, and inundated him with a torrent of that kind of eloquence which had been so effectual in quenching the spirit of Ebenezer and of bringing the whole neighborhood under her domination.

For once she was at fault. Teunis eyed her in grim silence; he uttered not a word, but waited until she had got through, and paused from sheer want of breath, when he told her plainly that what she had said was no answer to his question, which he now repeated.

'Where is Derrick Van Dam?'

Again the flood-gates were opened, and out came another deluge; but the breath was giving out and the torrent was less impetuous. Another pause for breath followed. Teunis was as cold as ever, but a little more resolute; his lips were compressed and his fingers gripped the back of a chair on which he had been leaning. Again he asked the question. This time Mrs. Cock carried off her guard by the indifference of the soldier, fairly shook her fist in his face and told him that she knew where the gallows bird was: that he was in safe keeping, where all the Van Gelders in creation could not reach him, and concluded by a sincere wish that he were hung.

The grim, glowing eyes of the Dutchman showed that he was fairly roused, and when she paused again, he told her that he must have either Derrick or her; that he had come to rescue his friend, and that he was determined not to return empty-handed.



No ruffled hen was ever more indignant. Her eyes fairly flashed. She seized a broomstick, and dared the veteran to lay a finger on her.

Teunis was too chivalrous to make the attack himself, but turning to Ryck he gave orders for the assault.

Ryck immediately charged her in person. Resistance was vain. The broomstick was shivered across Ryck's grisly poll, but it might as well have encountered one of the boulders of Matinecock; and before Mrs. Cock had recovered her wits, she found herself mounted in front of Ryck, scouring across the country at headlong speed.

On a table were the pen and ink, where Seth Pinchon had left them. Teunis stopped to write a few words, and left the paper on the table. Then mounting, he followed Ryck.

No hen in the clutches of a hawk, was ever more vociferous than Mrs. Cock, and as she was borne on, a stream of abuse and vituperation escaped her, eddying far back in the rear, until it impregnated the atmosphere for a mile. Her captors paid no regard to it, nor did they stop until she was landed at the dwelling of the veteran, very much dishevelled and bedraggled, and desperately out of temper at the hustling which she had received in her involuntary elopement.

Teunis found his prisoner as he had left him, gazing ruefully from between the bars of the corn-crib, and the dog assiduous in his attentions. The Dutchman's first business was to open the door and let the captive out, after which he told him that he might go to those who had sent him, which permission was accompanied by a kick in the rear to help him on his way.

Great was the dismay throughout Buckram and Lattingtown, when the news of the abduction of Mrs. Cock was bruited abroad. The desperate character of Van Gelder was already a matter of notoriety; but that he would have the hardihood to tackle Mrs. Cock, and carry her off to the fastnesses of Matinecock, never entered into the head of even the most visionary of them all.

Ebenezer was in a ferment. He sent for his martial son-in-law, and they laid their heads together to discover some mode of circumventing their resolute foe. Seth Pinchon was for marching to the fortress, storming it, and putting the whole garrison to the sword: proceedings of that kind had been every day matters with him in his forays into the Indian borders. The country was becoming dreadfully peaceful, and he looked upon a sharp encounter as an agreeable interlude in the monotony of his present life.

Ebenezer, however, suggested that it would not be the means of delivering Mrs. Cock.

'What would he do with her?'

'Hang her,' replied Ebenezer. 'Here's his letter,' said he, producing the scrawl which Teunis had left on the table. 'He swears that he will, and he'll keep his word.'

Seth Pinchon looked about him cautiously, and cast an inquiring eye on his intended father-in-law.

'Suppose he did?'

Ebenezer returned the look. For a moment his face was brightened by a

grisly smile; but his features relapsed into their usual stiff expression, and he shook his head. 'It won't do. We'd be the talk of the whole country. But several times his eyes glistened as he thought of it; for there was something pleasant in the idea.

After much deliberation, only one course seemed open; and that was to effect an exchange of prisoners, and to trust to chance to get Derrick again in their hands.

This was acceptable to neither, but was especially unpalatable to Seth, who stood out staunchly against it. At last it was determined that they should visit the fortress, and see if it could be taken by assault. If that could not be done, it would be time enough to adopt the other alternative.

To this proposition Ebenezer was fain to assent. Having called his daughter to him, he told her the nature of his errand, and cautioned her to be especially watchful over the prisoner. He committed to her charge the key of the chamber where Derrick was confined, and from which as yet he had made no effort to escape. He hinted that his daring character had been greatly exaggerated; for that the most chicken-hearted fellow he had ever met with, would not have submitted to imprisonment as tamely as Derrick had done. Having thus made all secure at home, he and Seth felt more at ease while on their way to beat up the quarters of their old foe.

When they came in sight of the fortress, they descried the head of Teunis Van Gelder and the end of a blunderbuss protruding from a window in the second story; and the black face and white eyes of Ryck, similarly supported, in a dormer-window in the roof; while the square-nosed dog patrolled in front of the house, with the gravity of a sentinel. From a small window high up in the cock-loft, was to be seen the disconsolate face of Mrs. Cock, who on the approach of her allies waved some article of female attire from the window, in token of her presence, and that she was ripe for assistance.

There was something so formidable in the attitude of the beleaguered forces, that Ebenezer Cock deemed it prudent, before venturing further, to parley; and forthwith tying a white rag on the end of a stick, he dispatched Seth Pinchon with it as a flag of truce.

Teunis Van Gelder maintained his attitude of defiant caution. He made no offer to molest the ambassador, until he arrived within speaking distance, and then commanded him to stop and disclose the nature of his errand.

'I'm come for Mrs. Mehitable Cock,' said Seth Pinchon.

'Then, you've come on a fool's errand!' was the somewhat uncivil answer.

'If you do n't give her up, I'll take the law of you!' shouted Ebenezer, from the distant spot where he had posted himself.

Teunis replied by striking a light, putting a pipe between his teeth, and glaring out from beneath the clouds of smoke.

In the mean time, Seth Pinchon was reconnoitering the premises. Things certainly looked unpromising. The blunderbuss of the veteran covered him wherever he turned; and the dog followed him with his nose in unpleasant proximity to the calves of his leg, ready to commence hostilities on the slightest intimation from the war department. He slowly made a circuit of the house,

the dog at his heels ; and from each window as he proceeded, the head of the veteran and the end of his blunderbuss appeared. Ryck, in the mean time, kept watch on the motions of Ebenezer.

Having satisfied himself that nothing could be done in the way of attack, he determined to make an effort at intimidation.

'Look ye, Sirrah !' said he, 'we've come for Mrs. Cock, and Mrs. Cock we will have !'

Teunis made no other reply than the volume of smoke which he puffed from his lips.

'By thunder ! Sir,' exclaimed Seth, waxing angry, 'I'll storm the house.'

'Storm and be d — d !' was the curt reply.

Seth Pinchon was evidently puzzled ; for from what he knew of the iron character of the Dutchman, he felt sure that any such attempt would draw upon him a discharge of fire-arms from the besieged. In the mean while, Mrs. Cock from her perch in the cock-loft, was at one moment urging on the attack, at another bestowing torrents of abuse on her captors and on the discreet pusillanimity of Ebenezer, who kept beyond range of the artillery.

While the perplexity of the besiegers was at its height, and Seth was on the point of suggesting an exchange of prisoners, by way of compromise, all parties were startled by the clatter of hoofs. The next moment, the messenger who had delivered Seth's letter dashed up at full gallop, and shouting at the top of his lungs. He brought word that the prisoner had escaped, and what was worse than all, had carried off Freeloove with him.

The uproar was prodigious ! Ebenezer forgot his fear of gunpowder, and rushed up to communicate the news to Seth, and the two consulted in eager tones with the lady in the cock-loft, while a loud bellow of satisfaction burst from the lips of Teunis in the second story, echoed in stentorian tones by Ryck from the dormer-window.

Seth was for starting off at once in pursuit, and would not listen to any thing which spoke of delay.

'But think of Mrs. Cock,' put in Ebenezer. 'What about her ?'

'D — n Mrs. Cock !' was the rough answer.

Mrs. Cock caught the words, and her rejoinder was shrill and sharp ; but Seth heeded it not. He was already on his way to Buckram. Deserted by his ally, Ebenezer was fain to make good his retreat. But Teunis hailed him :

'When Derrick is safe, I'll send back that baggage in the cock-loft. But if any harm happens to him, she shall swing, if there's a tree at Matinecock which will bear her weight. Be off, now, or I'll set the dog on you.'

Ebenezer waited no second bidding, and disappeared, followed by his servant, leaving Mrs. Cock once more to the tender mercies of her captors, and brimful of wrath against her intended son-in-law.

Seth Pinchon and his intended father-in-law instituted a vigorous search for the fugitives, but they could learn nothing of them. Seth was furious with disappointment, and Ebenezer was inconsolable for the loss of his child.

At the end of a week, Teunis Van Gelder received a dispatch from Derrick.

It was written from one of the towns on the Hudson River, and informed him of his marriage with the fair Freelove.

On the receipt of this, Mrs. Cock was discharged from custody, and once more returned to her domicil, from which she forthwith expelled Seth Pinchon. The warrior attempted to resist, but it was idle. He found that the tongue of Mrs. Cock was keener than any weapon that he had ever encountered, and after several sharp skirmishes, in which he was signally defeated, he deserted the field.

As time rolled on, Ebenezer's anger began to abate, and at last he sent an invitation to his son-in-law, to bring his wife to Buckram. His wrath had been subsiding for some time, and became completely extinguished when news reached him that Derrick had unexpectedly inherited the property of Rip Van Dam, the great land-holder of Manhattan.

Derrick accepted the invitation ; but there was little congeniality between him and his father-in-law, and the most of his time was passed with Teunis Van Gelder. After the return of the two to the city, the feud between Teunis and Ebenezer was revived and was kept up until Teunis slept with his fathers.

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### THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

From the dust and gloom of a basement room  
    'Mid rollers and wheels and bands,  
Where the pressman watches his busy loom  
    With inky face and hands,  
Where the teeming press with shuddering throe,  
    To the living page gives birth,  
Each shiver and jar felt wide and far  
    Over the busy earth ;  
From the dust and gloom of this noisy room  
    Flashes a spirit bright,  
O'er mountain and lea, o'er land and sea,  
    Winging its arrowy flight.

O'er land and sea, o'er mountain and lea,  
    A motley burden it bears ;  
Freedom for slaves, and bonds for the free,  
    Bright hopes and sickening fears.  
Many an eye as it comes looks bright  
    That will dim when its tale is told ;

Hearts beating high as its wings flash by,  
Grow suddenly still and cold ;  
The blushing cheek fond secrets speak  
As it whispers a loved one's name ;  
Or the smouldering fire of hate and ire  
Burst forth in consuming flame.

Down the busy street, trod by hurrying feet,  
It speeds on lightning wings,  
And few too busy to stop and greet  
The tidings that it brings ;  
At the brokers' board it utters a word  
That pales their cheeks with fright ;  
Whispers freedom nigh, and the exile's eye  
With sudden joy is bright.  
By the dungeon drear it lingers to hear  
The captive patriot's groan,  
Then blows a blast that shakes with fear  
The despot on his throne.

O'er her babe's soft sleep the young wife keeps  
Her watch at evening gray,  
In the glowing embers tracing the face  
Of the dear one far away,  
Where the wild waves dash with thundering crash  
Upon the frozen shore,  
Where the dying prayer and the shriek of despair  
Are drowned by the tempest's roar.  
Sadly and slow does the Spirit go  
The young wife's home to seek,  
And the scalding tears from a widow's eyes,  
Fall on an orphan's cheek.

O'er mountain and lea, o'er land and sea,  
It speeds with arrowy flight,  
And the earth is fanned by its freshening wing,  
And glows in its spreading light ;  
The owls and the bats with startled cry,  
Whirr off to their caverns drear ;  
Ignorance flies with averted eyes,  
And Tyranny cowers in fear ;  
The clanking chain is burst in twain,  
And myriad voices bless  
The generous heart and mighty arm  
Of the Spirit of the Press.

J. H. A. B.

## LORD BACON.

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 BY HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS.
 

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It seems to be a law of Revolutions that they must have a sacrifice. When man meets with obstacles in the pursuit of an object on which he is ardently intent, he is more insatiate than the starving wolf, and he pauses not to inquire whether he is feeding on carrion or living flesh. And this intensity becomes greatly augmented in a political struggle, when there is mingled with it a religious element.

Hence, the English revolution which begun with the Eighth Henry, and ended with the Second James, was as virulent as it was momentous.

The wars of the Roses, by destroying the great Barons had removed one obstacle to the upward progress of the Commons. The Reformation under Henry the Eighth, by overthrowing the domination of the Priesthood, had removed another. And there remained in their way the kingly power, claimed by its possessors to be responsible to God alone. Not all that remained, however, because there did yet linger some of the overshadowing influence of the nobility, and the reformation in religion had been too recent to remove all hope on the one side, or all fear on the other, that Romanism might yet be restored.

To appreciate the intensity of the struggle, we must recall to memory the Gunpowder Plot in the time of James the First, the battles of Naseby and Marston Moor, the scaffold at Whitehall, the Papist Plot of Titus Oates, the prosecution of the seven Bishops, the decapitation of one king and the exile of two others, the overthrow and restoration of the monarchy, and the entire change in the reigning house.

Amid all this there was another element at work which must not be overlooked. For ages, the power of the nation—subordinate to the monarch—had been exercised by the nobility and the priesthood. For many reigns the higher judicial positions, such as the chief-justiciar and the chancellor, were filled from the clergy, and it was regarded as a great innovation when Edward the Third, A.D. 1341, first selected a layman for the post. In the reign of Henry the Fourth, A.D. 1404, it was ordained that no man of the law should be elected to Parliament. But this did not continue long, and after a while the lawyer began to be a power in the government, and gradually worked his way, until in the reign of the Stuarts, he became the leading influence in directing the movement of the uprising Commons against the King, the Lords, and the Prelates; and such is the position which he has finally achieved in that country, that the House of Lords, once filled with warriors and priests, now draws recruits for its warring ranks, chiefly from the bar, and a Lyndhurst and a Brougham are more potential there than the hero of a hundred battles.

Against the advancing power of the bar, monarch, baron and bishop



alike struggled in the reign of the Stuarts, but in vain; and he who will *study* the history of those days, will see that the movement which brought fame from the battle-field to Cromwell, Fairfax and Monk, was guided and impelled by lawyers, over whose moral intrepidity the obscurity of oblivion has been cast.

The religious element also at work, was fearfully vehement. Catholicity, expelled by Henry, had been restored by Mary, and though expelled again by Elizabeth, no one knew what would be the result under a weak king like James. How far the son of Mary of Scotland was sincere in his adhesion to Protestantism, no one could be certain. She had been executed, not as many moderns are fain to suppose, because of Elizabeth's jealousy of her, but because Elizabeth's Protestant subjects, and particularly her Protestant ministry, demanded of her, for their own safety's sake, the only measure which could protect them from the consequences of Mary's accession to the throne. One of James's first measures was to show favor to his mother's adherents in England, and the apprehensions thus engendered were fanned to a feverish excitement by the fact that he was seeking a consort for his son from the bigoted Catholic royal family of Spain, and by the belief that some of James's counsellors were pensioners of the Spanish monarch.

To such a height did the excitement rise, that James was obliged to apologize to Parliament for the Spanish match, and finally to abandon it, and Gondomar, the Spanish minister, was mobbed in the streets of London.

Sir Walter Raleigh's fate added to the ferment. Convicted in the beginning of the reign of James, nominally of a conspiracy against the Government, but really, as it was believed, because he had been in favor of attaching conditions to James's accession to the throne, he had remained in prison some thirteen years. He was then released by the king, and permitted to sail on an expedition to America, then claimed to belong exclusively to Spain. His defeat was believed to have been owing to the fact that the object of his expedition was made known to the Spanish Government through its influence in the Councils of James; and when Spain became clamorous for expiation, and particularly against him, who was 'the only man of note left alive, that had helped to beat the Spaniards in 1583,' King James was compliant enough to have him beheaded, not because of that expedition, for which he had his monarch's sanction, but for the old offence, for which he had virtually his monarch's pardon.\* Owing to Raleigh's long imprisonment, and the hatred of Spain, his unjust fate awakened the compassion of the people, and rankled in their hearts.

The contest for liberty of speech was becoming earnest. So little of it was tolerated by the Government, that it was common for the king to imprison members of Parliament for speaking too freely. A man who kept an ale-house at

\* Just before RALEIGH sailed on that expedition, he was offered a pardon for a less sum than the expedition cost him; but BACON, then Lord-Chancellor, told him: 'Spare your purse in this particular, for upon my life, you have a sufficient pardon for all that is passed already, the King having under his broad seal made you admiral of his fleet, and given you power of the martial law over the officers and soldiers.' But the subserviency of COKE, who then presided in the King's Bench, over-ruled BACON'S law, and ordered RALEIGH for execution, on the flimsy pretext that in treason, pardon could be only by express words, and not by implication.—2 STATE TRIALS, 34.

the sign of The Crown, was actually executed for saying that his son was heir to the crown; and James issued a proclamation commanding 'all, from the highest to the lowest, not to intermeddle by pen or speech with state concerns or secrets of empire, either at home or abroad, which were no fit themes or subjects for vulgar persons or common meetings.'

And so excited did popular feeling become, even before it broke out into open war, that though Fenton, the assassin of Buckingham, might easily have made his escape amid the confusion, yet he voluntarily surrendered himself, boasting of the deed, and avowing as his motive that 'he had long looked on the Duke as an evil instrument in the Commonwealth, and he was convinced thereof by the remonstrances of Parliament,' and he had even sewed in his hat, lest he might be slain in the *melée*, a paper to that effect, declaring that what he did 'was for the public good of this country.' And while Fenton lay in prison awaiting trial, he was visited by crowds of people admiring him for the boldness of the act.

James the First had a great dislike to Parliaments, and he called them only when his pecuniary necessities were so great that he could not avoid it. In the mean time, to recruit his finances he resorted to expedients that were offensive to the people, and denounced as illegal.

He compelled, at one time, three hundred persons to receive the order of knighthood, at prices varying from £50 to £200. Two hundred patents for the order of baronet, then newly created, were sold for as many thousand pounds. Each rank of nobility had its price. Privy-seals were circulated to the amount of £200,000. Forced loans were had to the amount of £52,000.

All who approached him for favor, must come with presents in hand. Yelverton gave him £4000 when appointed Attorney-General, and Montague £20,000 on receiving the office of Lord-Treasurer.

Venality, servility and pecuniary distress sat down on the throne beside the king, walked hand-in-hand with him through his whole reign, and excited at once the contempt and hostility of the people.

It was at such a time that Bacon lived and took office. Courteous, gentle and humane in disposition, regardless of money, but intent chiefly on fame, with a moral sense far above his age, with principles of gratitude strong enough to overcome the little of selfishness there was in him, he was indeed unfitted by every thing but the greatness of his genius, for public life in such an age.\*

In the desperate struggle then going on between the King and the people, the game of the Commons was, that as the King was needy, to withhold the supplies until he conceded reform; and as he was weak, and influenced by those around him, to reach him through his instruments, and the more so, as he was believed to share in the proceeds of their corruption, which he was known to tolerate, if not to encourage.

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\* THE following incidents will show how little he was then appreciated:

A writer of that age said: 'Future ages will wonder why the Lord of Middlesex rose, and why the Lord of St. Albans fell.'

When BACON published his *Novum Organum*, one of the courtiers said: 'A wise man would not have written such a book, and a fool could not.'

And King JAMES said of it: 'It was like the peace of God, past all understanding.'

Buckingham, the chief favorite of the King, was the main object of offence. In the subsequent reign, he was reached both by impeachment and the knife of the assassin. But in the reign of James, it was through his friends he was assailed.

The first victims were Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Michel, the originals, doubtless, of Massinger's characters of Sir Giles Overreach and Justice Greedy, in his play of 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts.' They were members of Parliament, and were understood to be Buckingham's instruments in his more reckless oppressions. They were convicted of extortion. Their sentence was, however, suspended, with the intent, as the Commons believed, of interposing the powers of the Crown for their protection, and the House became clamorous for sentence. Sir Giles made his escape into foreign parts, and Michel suffered the penalty of fine and imprisonment.

Enraged at the escape of the chief culprit, and as it was supposed, through the connivance of Buckingham, the House of Commons demanded another victim. Yelverton, Attorney-General, was complained of, for his official action in regard to monopolies and other matters, out of which his master had realized money.

He boldly pleaded the commands of the King, and the instructions of Buckingham, as the authority for his action. He refused to withdraw his defence, or to be made a sacrifice to save them, and twice the King went down to the House of Lords to complain of his course, and the last time 'his majesty required the Lords who were able to do him justice, to punish Yelverton for his slander.' And Yelverton was punished, not for his illegal action in regard to inns and monopolies, but for his slander of the King and Duke.

The Commons were rising step by step toward the Crown and its favorite. Both were reached in due time, but not yet.

Another intermediate victim was demanded, and he was found in the Lord-Chancellor, who was at once the ablest minister of the Crown and the firmest friend of Buckingham. And then the King and the favorite saw, as plainly as Charles the First afterward saw, when he selfishly sacrificed Strafford, that a victim must be offered to satisfy the cravings of the Commons, or the King and his favorite would be reached.

Bacon could have pleaded, not only, as Yelverton did, the commands of his master, but the custom of his age and of many ages before him, and that, in the language of Rushworth, 'his decrees were generally made with so much equity, that never decree made by him was reversed as unjust.'

To have interposed that defence, and had it successful as Yelverton's was, would have freed Bacon of the charge of corruption, though it might have convicted him of slander, and then the next step for the Commons would have been that which they did take in the next reign, the step to the monarch and his favorite.

In our young days we were shocked by a tale we read of a mother travelling with three young children amid the snows of the Alps, who was assailed by a band of ravenous wolves. Urging her horse to its utmost speed, she fled for life. But the beasts of prey gained upon her, and in her extremity she threw

one of the children over to them. It arrested their pursuit until that one was devoured, and then they resumed it. Again they were close to her, and again she sacrificed a child and checked the pursuit; and so again, until she arrived safe but childless. Such was not Bacon's nature. He could have made any sacrifice easier than that.

With King James it was quite otherwise. Loud and pretentious in his assertion of his prerogative, he was ever timid and yielding in maintaining it. As soon as his minion Rochester, on whom he had lavished the most extravagant marks of regard, became odious to the people, he abandoned him. When the nation became indignant at the Spanish match, he apologized to his Parliament. When the Spanish monarch demanded the sacrifice of Raleigh, he basely complied, though he thus lost one of the most accomplished men of his time. When his Attorney-General was impeached for measures which the King had commanded, he not only abandoned the measures, but gave up his officer to punishment, and himself actually joined in the prosecution of him. And thus he yielded as the Commons advanced in their demands, until he was prepared to offer up his ablest minister to save himself, as he had abandoned his religion, and deserted the cause of his mother, to secure his accession to the throne.

It is said that when the Druids offered human sacrifices on their altars, they selected as the victims those who had been trained to believe it a blessing thus to be chosen. What there was of superstition in the rite has remained buried in the past, but the virtue of self-denial involved in it has floated down the stream of time even to our day.

As has been already mentioned, Bacon in the outset, intended to defend himself. He wrote so to the King, to Buckingham, and to the House of Lords. But he had an interview with the King, and as he expressed it, was 'moved to desert his defence.' Every thing that occurred after that is consistent with the idea that he made a voluntary sacrifice of himself to save his benefactor, and utterly inconsistent with the notion that he was the base and selfish man which his guilt of the charges would have made him.

He never published why he altered his mind. No record could be made of the interview with the King, unless made by them. If he made any, it was among those papers which he confided to his successor the Bishop of Lincoln, with the injunction that they were 'not to be divulged, as touching too much on persons and matters of state.' The fact of their being committed to that person speaks volumes. It was done when Bacon was too ill to take his place in the House of Lords, and 'foresaw that his end was drawing near.' His Latin and philosophical compositions were committed to Sir William Boswell, in Holland, where they were afterward published; but his private papers, 'touching matters of estate treading too near to the heels of truth, and to the times of the persons concerned,' were committed to him who was the King's confidential adviser, who had risen upon his ruin, and was his successor as 'Lord-Keeper' of the King's conscience. To what end? Surely not for publication, for then they could have been sent to Holland with the others, or delivered to a friend, and not to a successful rival, or delivered without an injunction against their

being divulged. To what end, then, but that they might be put at the King's command, and he thus assured that not even the temptation of approaching death, and the prospect of enduring infamy could cause their promulgation? Exalted virtue! The heart swells at its contemplation, and can sympathize with the feeling with which at the same time the dying peer engrafted into his last will the melancholy bequests: 'For my burial, I desire it may be in St. Michael's Church, St. Alban's; there was my mother buried. For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and the next ages.'

Alas! How difficult it is for 'the next ages' to perform the sacred trust! Two hundred and forty years have rolled on, and such men as Pope, Hume, Chalmers, Macaulay and Campbell, all receive without question the first impression, produced by his confession and his conviction. And those who would defend his fame from unjust aspersions, cannot agree upon a theory. Montague in his Life of him, ascribes his fall to the intrigues of the Bishop of Lincoln. The writer in the 'Athenæum,' and Dixon in his 'Personal History of Lord Bacon,' attribute it to the malice of Coke, his great rival, and the complicity of Buckingham his patron. And we have still another view, and ascribe it to the direct interposition of the King, without denying that the hostility of Coke, the intrigues of Bishop Williams, and the selfishness of Buckingham, may all have been at work.

Our version may not, indeed, be the true one. And while we may all agree that it is a case of self-immolation, we may differ as to the immediate cause of it. But be that as it may, our collection of the evidence, though it may not work conviction of the correctness of our theory, may at least aid others in their researches, and add our rill to the torrent of inquiry that is yet to flow through the broad field of literature, toward his haven who is spoken of in history as 'the glory and ornament of his age and nation.'

Curtius lives in history for the generous self-sacrifice which he made for his country, but he closed the gap in the Forum. Bacon's self-immolation failed in its purpose. The gap grew wider and wider, until it swallowed king and crown; and those who could not have endured to hear Aristides called the Just, can see no merit in the sacrifice, for it was unavailing.

But we proceed with our grateful task of attempting to exhume his fame from the charnel-house in which it has too long been buried.

From the reign of Edward the First to a recent period, the office of Chancellor was the most important in the English Government. Often Prime-Minister, and always Speaker of the House of Lords, Keeper of the King's Conscience, his confidential adviser and substitute as *parens patriæ*, vested with the appointment of officers of justice, and the presentation to several hundred church-livings, having a seat in the Privy-Council, holding a high Court of Judicature, and combining extensive powers both political and judicial, the position was long the chief object of men's aspirations. Woolsey, high as he was in court favor, and with fair hopes of the Papacy, did not consider his position complete without the great seal. The office was shorn, however, of much of its useful-

ness to government, unless the incumbent was a peer ; for if he was not, he had no voice or vote in the House of Lords, though he presided there.

It was the fashion of the day for the magnates of the land to affect great state. No nobility in Europe, except perhaps the Polish, equalled the English in this respect. Woolsey, when Chancellor, had eight hundred attendants. Bacon took his seat in Chancery accompanied by a long train of nobility and officials. The Earl of Nottingham, in his Embassy to Spain, was attended by five hundred persons ; and the Earl of Hertford, in that to Brussels, carried three hundred gentlemen along with him. Even in modern times the salary of the Lord-Chancellor, in order to maintain such state, is £10,000, while that of the Premier is only £5000.

In Bacon's days the salary allowed by the government to support the state imposed upon the chancellor and a nobleman was only £918 15s. The residue of what was necessary for that purpose was made up from presents, and it was a notion prevalent at that time and some time afterward, that the suitors should defray some if not all the expenses of administering justice to them. Hence it had been for many years the practice to make the Chancellor presents ; most generally after the suit ended and by the successful party, but often while the suit was pending and from both parties. The moment Bacon became Lord-Keeper presents poured in on him in compliance with this custom.

One not familiar with the history of those times can hardly realize to what extent that practice of making presents was carried. Every one indulged in it, from the King through the whole nobility, down to the lowest official.\*

It was so in other countries, and was abolished in France only in 1560, and in England only after Bacon's impeachment.

Hume, in his account of James's expenditures, says that £400,000 were given by him in presents during his reign. And Lord Campbell, in his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' says : 'The Chancellor, on account of his high rank, his important duties, etc., has generally received the largest remuneration of any servant of the Crown. In early times this arose mainly from fees. The deficiency was afterward supplied from grants of lands from the Crown down to Lord Somers' time, (1693.) Then came the practice of providing for the Chancellor by sinecure places for himself and his family.' Now all that is abolished, and there is a fixed salary, but that did not happen until Lord Brougham's time.

But the practice of making presents was all prevalent then in England. The Attorney-General's office was worth £6000 a year, yet the compensation from the Crown was £81 6s. 8d. The Solicitor-General's was worth £4000, with only

\* UPON this point I beg to add an extract from the '*London Athenæum*' of January 28, 1560 :

'WHEN JAMES the First came into England the governing machinery worked by fees. The King took fees. The Archbishop, the Bishop, the rural Dean took fees. The Lord-Chancellor, the Lord Chief-Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Barons of the Exchequer, the Attorney-General, the King's sergeant, the Utter Barrister, all the functionaries of law and justice took fees.

'So in the State, the Lord-Treasurer took fees ; the Lord-Admiral took fees. The Secretary of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Master of the Wards, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Gentlemen of the Bed-Chamber, all took fees. Every body took fees. Every body paid fees.

'These fees were not bribes. In most cases they were wages ; in all they were tribute due.'



£70 from the Crown. The Judges got an allowance from the Crown barely enough to buy their robes. Lord Coke, as Chief-Justice of England, drew from the State twelve farthings less than £225; Hobart, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, drew twelve farthings less than £195; Tanfield, Lord Chief Baron, drew £188 6s. a year; and the Chancellor drew £918 15s.

Yet all these men gave up a lucrative business and entered upon stations requiring princely state and enlarged expenses, beside annual presents to the monarch.

There was but one universal mode of meeting this increased demand upon their finances, without invading their private fortunes, and that was by doing what had been done by their predecessors for hundreds of years, what was sanctioned by universal custom, and what Bacon confessed himself guilty of doing. And he confessed no more than that. He never acknowledged that his judgments had been swayed by such motives, but on the contrary always insisted on the unbiased justice of his decisions, and that his contemporaries conceded to him.

Well might Bacon speak to the Lords of his being 'the anvil upon which good effects are beaten and wrought;' well might he remind them that 'there were *vitia temporis* as well as *vitia hominis*, and that the beginning of reformations has the contrary power of the Pool of Bethesda, for that had strength to cure only him that was first cast in, and this hath commonly strength to hurt him only that is first cast.' And well might he add in distinct reference to the motive which impelled his submission — for this letter was written after his interview with the King — 'and for my part, I wish it may stay there and go no further.'

In all of Bacon's letters to the King and to Buckingham after the interview, he wrote not as a person conscious of guilt, and deprecating the censure of an offended master, but as one who had rendered a service and had a right to claim consideration for it.

In his letter to the King, sent through Secretary Conway, he addressed 'himself to his Majesty for a cell to retire into.' What right had he, who had been guilty of official corruption, to demand of his government such a provision for his support?

In that to the King on the twentieth of April, 1621, two days before his first confession to the Lords, he expressed 'an assured hope that as the King imitated CHRIST by not breaking the broken reed or quenching the smoking flax, so would the Lords of the Upper House in grace and mercy imitate their royal master.' What grace or mercy was there to imitate unless the King had given him some such assurance as that which we imagine?

The King's First Secretary of State visited Bacon within two years after the trial, not merely with general expression of good will, but as a real friend, and asked Bacon if he had any particular occasion wherein he might make use of the Secretary? Did he do that by the King's desire, or was he so unlike a courtier as to show such regard to one in deserved and enduring disgrace?

In Bacon's letters to Conway on the twenty-fifth March, the seventh April and the fourth of September, 1623, in regard to the Provostship of Eton, he

speaks not only as one having a claim on the King, but as one having a promise from him.

In his first letter to the Lords, containing his confession, he speaks of being 'moved to desert his defence,' a peculiar expression in one so well versed in language as he was. That was not enough to satisfy the Lords, because it was as they said and as it was indeed, 'in sort extenuating his confession,' and an explicit confession was demanded and sent, in which, while he generally confesses to corruption, he gives such particulars in each case that all the world can see that he had done only what custom tolerated in all officers of that time, judicial and political, and that he was to be, as he declared, the anvil on which the reformation of that custom was to be wrought.

His correspondence with Buckingham was in the same spirit. In his letter from the Tower on the thirty-first of May, 1621, only twenty-eight days after sentence had been pronounced, and asking Buckingham to procure his release, he said: 'And howsoever I acknowledge the sentence just and for reformation sake fit,' yet that he was 'the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time.' And in July following Buckingham wrote to him: 'His Majesty is but for the present he says able to yield unto you the three years advance, which if you are pleased to accept, you are not hereafter the farther off from obtaining some better testimony of his favor worthier both of him and you.'

In another letter to Buckingham he said: 'God is my witness that when I examine myself I find all well.' 'I hope his Majesty may reap honor out of my adversity.' 'For the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged when the book of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice, howsoever I may be frail and partake of the abuses of the time.'

When first apprised of the charges against him, he wrote: 'My mind is calm. . . . I know I have clean hands and a clean heart.' And these things were said not publicly to have effect with the world, but privately in his correspondence, whence they have been dug up since his death.

In one of his letters to the King he wrote: 'I thank God I wish no man's death; nor much my own life more than to do your majesty service. For I account my life the accident and my duty the substance.' In another to the same, just before his appointment as Lord-Keeper, he wrote: 'I never had great thought for myself further than to maintain those great thoughts which I confess I have for your service. I know what honor is, and I know what the times are. But I thank God, with me my service is the principal. I should *ex animo* desire to spend the decline of my years in my studies,' etc.

When in 1616 the King offered him the choice whether to be a Privy-Councillor or have assurance to succeed the Chancellor, he wrote: 'Ambition would draw me to the latter part of the choice, but in respect of my hearty wishes that my Lord-Chancellor may live long, and the small hopes I have that I shall live long myself, and above all, because I see his Majesty's service daily and instantly bleedeth, toward which I persuade myself that I shall give when I am of the Table some effectual furtherance, I do accept the former.'

Is this the language or conduct of one capable of selling justice for gold ?

He was committed to the Tower in execution of his sentence on the thirty-first of May. In two days he was discharged by order of the King. In September following his fine was remitted and soon after his exclusion from Court. In the beginning of 1624 the whole of the sentence was pardoned ; and in the following reign he was summoned to Parliament as a Peer, upon whom no disqualification remained.

In the mean time, he moved in the world with some remains of his old state. 'Foreigners crossed the sea to visit him ;' the wise and the learned of his age, such as Ben Jonson and the learned Selden, honored him with their friendship ; and his personal friends, some of high rank, as the Master of the Rolls, and the Earl of Arundel, and the French and Spanish Embassadors, continued their warm regard for him.

On the other hand, within nine months of Bacon's conviction, Coke, the chief promoter of the impeachment in the Commons, was committed to the Tower ; within three years Churchill, the chief complainant, was convicted of forgery and fraud ; and shortly after, Bishop Williams was driven from power disgrace and with tarnished reputation.

Here we must stop, not because we have exhausted our materials or our subject, but that our limits forbid our continuing. In leaving the topic for the present, we venture to hope that we may have succeeded in directing at least some minds to a just view of the character of a great and a good man, who in a disturbed age fell a willing sacrifice to save a weak and ungrateful benefactor, and who, living in the incipient stages of a revolution, was swept away by the advancing current which buried Church and Crown, king and noble in one common grave, but which yet in its subsidence left a rich deposit whence has sprung enduring freedom in both hemispheres.

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#### THE GIRDLE.

I wove a girdle out of roses rare,  
And tufts of grass, and lilies debonair,  
Such as the June alone  
From Mother Earth can win :  
Roses for her, I said,  
Whose soul to love is wed,  
And grass, in which I see  
Her sweet humility,  
And lilies that but type  
Purity infinite,  
And then I clasped the zone  
Where never arm had been.

R. A. OAKES.

## FAUNTLEROY VERRIAN'S FATE.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

## III.

'Is it the same SORDELLO in the dusk  
As at the dawn? merely a perished husk  
Now, that arose a power?

The hesitating sun-set floated back,  
Rosily traversed in a single track  
The chamber:

'T was Day looped back Night's pall;  
SORDELLO had a chance left, spite of all!

In two days more the sun set for them out of sight of land, and shortly the shores of Europe received them. A few letters which had been given him he presented to those who could best aid the development of his genius, and awaited the result. A weary awaiting it was, and one that every day dipped deeper into his little reservoir of funds, for these grand people of the world had no leisure to hearken to the claims of a new petitioner for favor, and he had no influential voice at command to urge them to do so. He knew that somewhere in this region men were to be found—very gipsies of genius—who bore the same relation to the men of mark that the vagrant bears to the traveller, men of unsafe and slippery talent, devoid of moral stays, yet acquainted with all the intricate roads and by-paths to success that others, but not themselves, may journey on; men who were at home in every clime—if they had not a wife in every port—and who had a natural faculty of orientation. As he wandered forlorn and alone through the streets, he wondered if his father had not been such an one, remembered the assurance of his dead mother that he should yet meet him, and as Aladdin might have twirled the wonderful ring of enchantment on his finger to summon the obedient Genii, he passed his finger, still thinking in this strain, across his father's ring, which had served for his mother's wedding-ring although it bore a jewel, and which since her death Fauntleroy had always worn. At this moment the lights from a restaurant flared in his path, and after a moment's hesitation he entered. There was a little cluster of peculiar people, pseudo-musicians, painters, litterateurs, the Bohemians of Paris, sitting at no great distance from himself, and conversing freely concerning Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Wagner, and their kin, and now and then recalling *apropos* some scorching *bon mot* of Henri Heine's. Taking up a pamphlet at hand, Fauntleroy sat carelessly turning over its leaves and listening to the explosions of wit while the garçon was filling his order. One by one they turned and casually glanced at him, some instinct told them that he was of their race, but the authority and austerity of his young and beautiful face told also that he was an eagle's flight above them. But the look of one among their number attracted unaccountably, pursued him with perseverant

interest, and sharing the sentiment Fauntleroy returned the look with a singular disturbance at heart. Finally they rose, lighted their cigarettes, and departed with ringing steps and gay laughter. But almost immediately that one who had exchanged glances with him, returned: a man past his prime, eager and thin in appearance, at once the gayest and bitterest among them all.

'Pardon, Monsieur,' said he in French, approaching Fauntleroy; 'but sitting in this place before the entrance of my friends, I left here a pamphlet of importance.'

'Is it this?' asked Fauntleroy.

'Ah! yes. Many thanks. It contains a valuable article,' and here, as he took it, he caught sight of the engraven sapphire of the ring worn on Fauntleroy's finger. An ashen pallor settled on his face, and swept off instantaneously.

'Can it be,' he said, 'that I have met Monsieur before?'

Fauntleroy was on the point of denying such a supposition, when some coercive but inexplicable force restrained him.

'That may be,' he said.

'Monsieur is English then?'

'American.'

Again the pallor. 'And Monsieur's name? Pardon me, I pray.'

Fauntleroy handed him a card. He held it a moment without glancing at it, then read it slowly twice.

'Fauntleroy Verrian,' he murmured, 'the very name. Your father must have been my friend,' he added more distinctly. 'And where is he now, that friend?' he continued, taking the opposite seat and speaking in correct unaccented English.

'To me he is dead,' replied Fauntleroy coldly.

'That is well!' And for a moment they were silent.

'I knew you at once by your resemblance to my — friend, I mean,' continued the stranger, checking himself with embarrassment; 'this unexpected event has confused me no little. And what do you do in Paris, Mr. Fauntleroy Verrian?'

With this, and needing but here and there a question, an answer, a word of sympathy, Fauntleroy told his story. His auditor's eyes brightened as he listened, and when finally Fauntleroy drew from his cloak a sheet covered with characters, and displayed it to him, he pored over it a few moments, turned it this way and that, and then his face grew flushed and brilliant and young once more.

'I have your case exactly,' said he at last. 'I do not see any reason why I should not render you a service. Now mind, I do not do it because you are any one's son, or because you are yourself, or for any thing in the past, and by no means for your mother's sake. I do it simply and solely because without doubt you have wonderful capacity, affluence, vigor, in a word, genius. I do it because you have submitted to my inspection this sheet, in which I find the traces of all that, and which I dare say you consider a bagatelle. I cannot say that I have influence, because I have in fact roamed over the world seeking only my own enjoyment, untrammelled by law or custom, remaining no where

long enough to acquire rights, and not being sufficient in myself to weigh against others. But in Paris there is no one worth knowing with whom I am not acquainted. Your introductory letters will be attended to to-morrow. I will speak concerning you with certain men at the *Conservatoire*; I take a violin myself there this winter. Every one to his trial, that is but fair. You shall have opportunity; improve it yourself. Expect no more from me. Good evening, Sir,' and before Fauntleroy could express a syllable of the various emotions that thronged upon him, pride, gratitude, pleasure, indignation, the stranger was gone.

On the succeeding day the night's promises were fulfilled. The individuals to whom his commendatory letters had long ago been delivered, now re-perused them, and this time with more interest since they had already heard their subject discussed authoritatively; they re-perused them not because these documents were altered from their original state, which had begotten indifference, but because their attention had been called to them in a more personal manner, and they now possessed an intrinsic value which they did not possess before. For if a savage were ignorant of the sound of music, what would he care for an account of Jubal? Nothing could now exceed the kindness of these awakened persons, at once friendly and cautious, for like the stranger of the preceding evening, in this respect, it was not the man so much as the interests of art which they wished to serve, and this Fauntleroy recognized in the same spirit. Being but partially satisfied after severe examination of such specimens as he offered, they hesitated whether to advise further study under his enlarged advantages, or to procure him at once the opportunity of giving his creations to the world. The latter course, however, was determined upon, and the most influential person among them all, himself a composer of no mean fame, and who had so strictly questioned his science and examined his mss., now procured him the *Salle des Concerts* of the *Conservatoire*, with the disposal of its exquisitely disciplined corps for a single rehearsal and a single night.

From the moment at which the offer was accepted, a feverish unrest possessed Fauntleroy. Sleep forsook him, he ate almost nothing, he walked the streets night and day; now and then he encountered his acquaintance of the *café*, who gave him so cool a nod that Fauntleroy fancied he were waiting for the public verdict, be it good or bad, in order to determine the gauge of his acquaintance. Returning from his aimless strolls, he found Sara in their small room up a dozen flights, still singing at her scales, her songs, her rôles, so calm, so happy, in his approaching fame.

'How can you throw this charm into the void space of those barren tones?' he asked her once, when she had given such a new and real beauty to an old theme as the writer had intended if he failed to express.

'The wide wandering air comes to us little roses, and we turn it into fragrance,' she replied; 'beside, critic mine, if the thing itself were not strong enough to bear me, I could not walk across.' And as a contrast to the severe strain, she broke into one brilliant and sharp, with all the luxurious *floriture* of modern skill in ornamentation.

'Which is better?' she laughed out. 'You are impatient. Listen while I sing your music. Tell me where I err.'

Where she erred! That magnificent voice daily growing richer, delicious in tone and expression, that pure execution, that soul which caught the idea of the composer till it shone through her eyes like the dew-drop in a flower, could not err. She sung to him one of the solos of his chief work, so informed with the spirit he desired, that there was no word to say. Her success was certain, he had no doubt of it, he could think of nothing which would beautify her style. It was not for her that he was anxious; himself, his own work, he owned silently and without a blush, was the object of all his nervous solicitude. Looking at her again in the twilight, the dawn-light, he felt that she was already less dear to him than once; he almost wondered at the complete infatuation which he had suffered to master him. But he hoped that with returning quiet there might come returning joy in her. How delicious had been the dream of love which was passing, how brief the fruition of his weary longing! He did not an instant regret it, for he knew that its tender memories would mingle and appear in all the works of his life, till like creepers and sunbeams and blossoms tangled together, it would be impossible to separate the clinging sprays and discover the root of any. It was not, he said again to himself with allowed self-contradiction, it was not, after all, that he loved his wife any the less; but if the distinction is not too nice, his love had ceased to render him the exquisite happiness felt on that blessed Saturday night previous to his marriage. She was younger than he, and you and I could have counted his years on our fingers and scarcely have needed each another.

One noon, during this season, a gay rustling was heard upon the stair-way without, a light patter along the gallery, a rap upon the door, and immediately afterward the latter opened, admitting a storm of ravishing perfumes, and a petite beauty, brown and brilliant in face, perfect and costly in garment. She was the last person of whom they were thinking, and her advent startled them as falling into that room a sun-beam would have done.

'Must I announce myself?' said gayly the most winning of possible voices, while her owner half-twirled at Sara her little card, on which was engraven a coronet and the addition: '*Madame la Comtesse de Coquelicot, née de Paquerette.*'

Fauntleroy looked up again, half-amazed at this airy invader, already holding his wife's hand, and with short exclamations, gestures and laughs, assuring herself of a welcome in the familiarity of an old acquaintance; while Sara, kindled to something of her visitor's warmth, actually threw a sparkle into her own manner till it equalled in its *genre* the grace of the Parisienne. In an instant Madame Fleur de Coquelicot had turned and tripped toward him.

'So, Monsieur, I have you at last!' she cried, 'though I have raised heaven and earth that I might but arrive the first. Ah! you do not know, you, what strife we have had, I and others. But when one drives through the heart of the city like the wind, if indeed the wind ever blows in those little streets, one of course outstrips the elegant dames—Lis, Lois, Madeleine, and the



saints say who! when they must take the Boulevards, lest they breathe close air. *Vive le succès! et les moyens de l'obtenir!* But my coach is already below, as they will see, *tout à l'heure*, and alas for them!

All this was uttered in a breath to her silent auditor.

'I astonish you, Monsieur? See! you do not know Paris ladies. And moreover, since your charming wife receives me, be you as lenient, my friend!' With this she put her exquisitely gloved hand into Fauntleroy's. 'Voilà!' she cried. 'These English customs one can learn; but you are American, Monsieur, I think!'

Hereupon, at last, Madame Fleur allowed him a chance to speak, threw herself into a fauteuil, and spreading her rich robes round her, folded her hands and surveyed the apartment.

Fauntleroy, unaccustomed to be thus taken by storm, had been somewhat abashed, it is true, but at sight of the novelty grafted on Sara's quiet dignity, had been sufficiently amused to be at his ease, and to receive the noisy little creature with the air of a man of the world; for at first he had been too greatly astounded by the careless impudence in which she ignored any previous intimacy. And he now resumed his own seat.

'Your drive fatigues you,' said Sara, scarcely knowing how to address her. 'Let me beg you to lunch with us,' and she rang the bell as she spoke. '*Comme elle est belle!*' cried Madame Fleur gazing after her. '*Non, non. Déjà j'ai honte de moi-même. Dieu veuille que je rougisse!*' she said with a light laugh.

'Do not vex yourself, Madame, if I can assist you,' said Fauntleroy.

'Exactly, Monsieur, exactly! Yes, you yourself and only! But you are so grave, so—so still, *féroce comme un ogre!* Smile a moment, Monsieur Verrian, and I may have heart for my little word that brought me here. Smile as you used to do, Mr. Fauntleroy!' she interpolated almost under her breath, her head on one side and smiling archly herself. 'O Seigneur Dieu! one does not know how I adore genius!' And here she cut into the *pâté*, notwithstanding her shame.

'Bah!' she cried directly, pushing back the plate. 'One can eat and be here? Impossible! Madame Sara should be told that we have a madness, certain of us, and we dare all things through it, and since it is for music—music, Monsieur,' with a gay bow, 'as shown in the person of yourself—she will pardon me.'

Madame de Coquelicot's tactics were merely address and audacity, and with them what fields have been won! It was impossible to repulse her; you might as well fan back a breeze. At this point she rose and went fluttering about the room like a little restless spirit. She staid her steps at the piano, and still standing, ran her fingers brilliantly over the keys for an instant and paused. 'You see I am not so bad myself,' she said. '*Mais hélas! Je suis folle de impossible!*' But here a glimpse of Fauntleroy's manuscripts caught her eye. With an ecstatic exclamation she hung a moment over them, then, impatiently gesticulating, flung herself away from them and again floated about the room.

'How to say it, Monsieur. How to say it! Would one think me so

idiotic?' she cried with a shrug. Here I am on the brink, and cannot plunge. Well, *écoutez donc!* I have a little country-house, a box some leagues beyond the walls, and there I was until yesterday. I hate myself for my stupidity! When I return to Paris and send for my *billets* to the concert of Monsieur — behold! behold! they are sold! all! utterly! not one remaining for me! And I — it is impossible one should sit contentedly *au logis!* Do you know that all the world of music is to be there? The composers, the artists, the connoisseurs — and I? What is to become of me? Where is my place? Ah! Monsieur!' she said, floating toward and pausing before him with clasped hands and the most affecting supplication, '*M'est il permis de vous demander quelque chose?*'

'*Peut-être,*' replied Fauntleroy coldly, all this offending his taste.

'You are too still. It does not signify to you. But — ah! then, here it is! Since I *must* go, Monsieur, you must —'

'Allow myself the pleasure,' said Fauntleroy laughing, and at length perceiving the drift of her object, 'of presenting Madame with *billets*? *De tout mon cœur.* You have exchanged with me a comedy for my concert. You are very welcome.'

'I overwhelm you with thanks!' she cried. 'I kiss your hands. Ah! Madame, you are happy. Monsieur, may you never want a friend while the fashion holds!'

'And now, Madame Fleur de Coquelicot, what do you mean by daring to forget that two years ago we three had our little feasts and sang our little songs and danced our little dance together?' said Fauntleroy with half a satiric, half a kindly tone.

The blood flamed over the little Countess's face. 'Are you going to remember it yourself?' she said. 'Ah! M. Verrian, now that you are already great, are going to be famous, I did not dream of reminding you that we had once been friends. Great heavens, no!' and she held out both of her little hands for Sara to take, with an odd mixture of shamed timidity and piquant naïve daring, and springing on a foot-stool, snatched them away again to fling round her neck while she repeated her ancient salutes on either cheek. In an instant afterward, blushing and laughing, she sprang to the floor again. 'You will come to see me, dear people, both of you?' she asked. 'Monsieur, I am always at home to you,' and hanging herself on Fauntleroy's arm, being already armed with tickets for herself and friends, he conducted her to the pavement. A moment more and she had gathered all her satins after her, kissed her hand to Sara at the invisible window above, and given it to Fauntleroy to kiss again if he chose, which he did not, and the coach swung lightly along the way with its bold and happy little burthen.

As for Fauntleroy, if any episode could have broken his anxiety, this were one; since its amusing interruption beguiled them of half a day's thought. But little Madame Fleur de Coquelicot, it seemed, had become merely one of the tribe who endure every extremity to lead a folly or follow a whim which Fashion has signed and sealed. But even this trifle stung Fauntleroy; it was like the trick of a metronome, and warned him how the hours went.

As the time of the appointed performance drew near, his excitement increased; thin and pale, and in a constant agitation, he went about more restless, rustling and unquiet than withered autumn leaves. He was daily in contact with characters more polished than his own, of more power they could not be, and daily the hitherto unperceived imperfections of his work oppressed him. The rehearsal went off well; the night arrived.

Since the double attraction of the young composer and his beautiful wife had been announced, heralded by all the prestige which genius commands, and by the dictum of his influential friend, the house was packed, not with a common auditory, but with the cream of appreciation, learning and criticism. He himself conducted the first parts, during the last he sat at the organ. It were idle to describe the performance; each artist did his duty rigorously and no more; the work itself under their exact handling displayed all its crudity and immaturity, and yet wore a certain guise of the grand, to no one's taste — an Achilles in maiden armor, whose heart leaped strangely at the gleam and rattle of armor. It was, moreover, not of a class popular at that meridian; the writer was not sufficiently acquainted with orchestral capabilities. In a word, it failed.

But for Sara — the audience discriminated between the performers and the work with rare skill, and the applause which they accorded her, bursting all bounds of decorum, was loud, long and rapturous. She did not dream of their object at first, and when half-enlightened, received it with so grieved a smile that they could only redouble it. With her eyes fixed on her husband's face, drawing all her inspiration thence, she sung simply and unconsciously as the angels in heaven, while the sweetness of her voice penetrated every heart. Properly a contralto, yet at home in the range of the mezzo-soprano, strong, flexible and melodious, it soared aloft like a lark, climbed the steep air from cloud to cloud, and slid down long airy wafts of attenuated sound, so fine and yet so well sustained that the pianissimo was distinctly heard in the remotest part.

The congratulations of such as detected the latent worth of his production were bitterer in Fauntleroy's mouth than their blame would have been. In the fire of his wrath he saw all as it should have been, and vowed never to despair.

As, after conducting Sara home, he went down again into the streets to cool if possible this inner fever by the torrents of cool air blowing from end to end of their dark lengths, the corner light flashed in his face a moment, and then into that of some one approaching behind him, at whose step he had turned to listen.

Drawing near quickly, the new-comer put his hand upon Fauntleroy's shoulder. 'So,' he said, 'this is the end!'

'No,' replied Fauntleroy proudly, 'it is but an attempt.'

'Fall and try again?' replied the other with half a sneer.

'Would you have one lie still and die, M. Aubepin?' for that was the name by which this individual went in Paris.

'I am glad,' replied M. Aubepin, 'that you show such laudable energy. I told you to expect nothing more of me. If you had succeeded even, I should have troubled you with no further portion of my acquaintance than could have afforded me undiluted pleasure. As you fail, your acquaintance affords me no

pleasure at all. You are not, after all, what I expected, you are morose and dull, you belie your father; I had thought that water always found its level. At some future day you may redeem yourself, and so — *au revoir!*’ With which M. Aubepin moved away; but hardly had he departed, before returning on his steps, he uttered in a low voice, at the same time drawing up his cloak about him, and slouching his hat: ‘Monsieur, when we part, forget that we have ever met!’

‘Do not be alarmed, Sir,’ replied Fauntleroy, with hasty stinging accent. ‘Having begun, and trusting to end my career without you, I shall be obedient, for above all things do I respect parental authority!’ And in another moment they had separated.

The next day the *feuilletons* were abroad, glowing with eloquent descriptions of the songstress and prophecies of her future fame. In a week, engagements at La Scala of Milan, and at the Grand Opera of Paris, lay before her for acceptance. She pushed them aside.

‘Let us part for a year,’ she said with hidden effort, choking back sobs and stifling sighs. ‘You to your study under the great Zelter, there is enough for that. I to the School of which you spoke, till my method is purer and my knowledge more correct.’

‘Sara! Sara! Can I lose you who are all my solace now?’

‘Can you do otherwise?’ Tears were in her eyes, music at the moment was nothing beside him; and for him, not for music, she offered the sacrifice, since such it was. His pride, not ignoble in her eyes, might be stung by her triumphs, could not endure subsistence on her efforts. She never doubted his genius, or that in the year he would retrieve himself. In fine, they decided upon this step, and while yet the town rang with their names, Sara and the organist were not to be found.

A long year, not so weary as it might have been, passed in closest application, with now and then a brief interval of rest; and in truest mutual confidence they never saw and seldom heard from each other. On one side it was impossible to misplace confidence, but on the other? It was little likely that Fauntleroy’s heart would be false to Sara, for until then it had seemed that he had but little real heart with which to be false to any one; but his senses it was possible to beguile, his reason to dazzle. He carried much system into his study and present plan of education; among other things, he believed rightly enough that every object that afforded him delight was a fertilizer of his power, and thus he allotted himself frequent vacations, and sought the joy to be given by other paths of art than that of music. Naturally enough in this connection it was that he reached Dresden one clear winter’s day, with its choicest and most sanctified galleries and treasure-rooms.

He stood, on the morning of his arrival, absorbed in his dreams before the holiest of the Madonnas; heaven seemed nearer him while he gazed, and all the purity and devotion and sacred rapture of which his nature was capable rose and asserted itself. If he could always have maintained his soul at such a height, he would indeed have deserved the divine gifts that already loaded him. Suddenly he was called to earth by a voice below.

‘Monsieur! Monsieur?’

He looked down to behold the Countess de Coquelicot. She extended her hand.

‘Are you not glad to see me, M. Verrian?’ she asked. ‘But *I* am glad to see *you*. I am at Dresden now, also; my husband is ambassador here. I shall take you home to dine with me. We will be all alone, and we will remember our *petits soupers* on the river-side again. Where have you been? And where is Sara? I used to call her so, you know. And why did you vanish in mystery? And are you repentant and well-behaved again at last?’

To all this, Fauntleroy seeking to recall his scattered thoughts, replied only with bows, and before he was fully aware of himself, found her coach rolling homeward, and he within it and beside herself.

Once within her house, he felt, as it were, in an enchanted region — just out of his garret, and this a very palace. It was not only a place sumptuous in appointments, but full of the rarest taste, of the finest artistic beauty. He followed her through gorgeous suites, and at last paused at a more inner apartment that appeared to be peculiar to herself. In an instant he observed that every portion of the room was a *fac-simile* of her former little parlor by the river-side, exaggerated into elegance and costliness. Here the little Countess threw herself into an arm-chair, and waited till he had looked around him.

‘You are my guest, Monsieur,’ she said; ‘don’t say me nay. I will send a servant for your portmanteau straightway, and while you stay in Dresden you stay with me. Oh! we have so much to tell each other! I have been talking with the Englishmen who are here this winter, and am I not improved? Now here it is easy enough to speak English as I used, but in Paris it is perfectly impossible! But it shall be as I have arranged?’

Fauntleroy had nothing to say, and the affair was concluded.

Madame de Coquelicot began at once the exercise of her old enchantments, denied herself to other visitors, boiled chocolate at her own hearth, ran out through a private way to a neighboring pastry-cook’s, although there was not the faintest necessity for such a thing — but old thoughts made it delightful to do so — and returned laden with delicious little gastronomical trifles, hummed about the room on her idle errands, laid the cloth, and cooked her little messes, as enjoyably as she had ever done in America. It was like one of their old evenings at home. What made Sara so different? Why had she none of these charming ways?

‘See!’ said little Madame, ‘once you made your home mine, now I make my home yours.’

She sang to him, she talked to him in her chirruping way, she left the room to return in full court-costume, and when she had rehearsed to him all her intervening life, she retired again, and this time reappeared in the very merino frock that she had worn on the day when first he had seen her in the drawing-room of Sara’s home.

‘See now, Monsieur Fauntleroy,’ she exclaimed, ‘have I not a heart? Behold how carefully I treasure these mementoes of the past. *Voilà! n’est-ce*

*pas touchant?* Do you remember it as well, that past? Do you remember when I used to sing for you:

*'Ses yeux si bleus  
Si blanches ses manches?'*

Do you remember when I danced the Dance of Summer in your room? You thought me altered, you thought me worldly and hard and bold in Paris. Do n't deny it! Well, so I am. But my life has demanded it. Under all I have a heart, and to-night my heart is full!

Pretty soon she led him to the piano, and pleased and soothed, Fauntleroy refused nothing, and delivered to her strains of his sweetest airs, and portions of his deepest harmonies. She did not sing any longer herself, but she had acquired more knowledge of music as art, and she now discoursed with him in a wild, rhapsodical enthusiasm concerning its mysteries, and gradually through such innermost sympathy drew from him all his plans, his hopes, his wishes. Never had any one entered so warmly into his schemes before; Sara herself had never breathed such things concerning his delights; he believed himself that night to have been carried into the region of dreams; he wondered if he had not eaten some spiritual hasheesh; in a few days he felt himself completely overpowered and lost in this life of the Sybarite.

At the dinners of Madame de Coquelicot, he met all the wits and beauties of the day, but his eyes stole from them by some chain of secret fascination, and remained only upon the glittering little hostess. Her colors were as delicious as three years ago, her accents as sudden and sweet, her manner as brilliant, as enthralling; her countenance in its perpetual animation and variation eclipsed the lovely Saxon ladies in cold and placid beauty; her wit sparkled when that of her most brilliant neighbors was dull. Moreover with this language that the others spoke most frequently, he was but partially familiar, but the Countess Fleur and Fauntleroy had a language in common; this fact alone gave them a closer relation; daily they grew nearer together.

At last, one evening when they two were alone again, he spoke of departure.

'Thou wilt go!' she cried in her own tongue, starting from the cushions among which she reclined, and extending her arms toward him.

'I did not know that it would be so hard to bid such life and you farewell,' replied Fauntleroy.

'Do not go! Do not leave me. Do not go back into the cold — we are so warm, so happy here!' And therewith she hid her face among her cushions, and waited in unbroken silence.

Fauntleroy dared not stir; the moments rang themselves away on chiming clocks; the watchmen cried beneath the windows; the little Countess rose and began to pace the room swiftly.

'Do not speak to me!' she said. 'Let me think!'

Suddenly the quick-falling steps ceased, and turning, Fauntleroy found her standing by his side. The color was staining her cheek, her lips were flushed and parted in smiles, her eyes glowed with fire behind their falling tears. She

laid her head unrepulsed on his shoulder, the soft and silken hair brushed his cheek as he sat.

'Oh! why did you not love me before?' she murmured. 'Why did you not love me then? Why not when you might — before we were bound — before it was too late ——'

'Too late,' muttered Fauntleroy like one in sleep, 'is it too late?' His own face was flushed, his own frame trembling, he heard his heart beat aloud. If this was love, what had been his marriage? If this was passion, had his cold and placid affection for Sara deserved the shadow of that name? He rose, his arm stole round and imprisoned this flame by his side, his beating lips bent to gather up the soul from hers, their meeting eyes searched the inmost thought of either, when suddenly the handle of the door turned, and as Fleur sprang from his arms to her lounge, the door opened and M. Aubepin entered. The blood surged down from Fauntleroy's face to his heart; he moved away and began to look over an album of water-colors.

'I have taken an old friend's privilege, dear Madame, and entered without warning,' said the intruder.

'M. Aubepin is always welcome,' said Fleur, catching her false little breath, 'and knows it.'

'And the Count de Coquelicot is well?'

'Perfectly.'

'I am in Dresden since three hours, and find myself at once involved in a little affair of honor, in which I wish for the aid of a compatriot.'

'Ah! M. Aubepin, nobody knew before if France were the country of your birth or your adoption.'

'Nor now do you know it, either. The citizen of Paris is a cosmopolite, an inhabitant of the world.'

'Shall I send for M. de Coquelicot?'

'Will you?'

Fauntleroy left the room as she rang, and went wandering out again through the streets. In an hour afterward, the Count and M. Aubepin rolled in the former's coach to an appointed *rendezvous* at a short distance beyond the city. M. Aubepin returned with a broken arm.

'You have done me a service, my friend,' said he to his second. '*En revanche*, I will do one for you. Look after your wife. Sometimes friends become lovers.'

He said this as he descended from the coach at an inn-door; the next moment he saw Fauntleroy's face flash after him in the blaze of the open door. The walk home was brief, the adieux hasty, even if restraint made them only the more passionate, and the midnight diligence restored Fauntleroy to reason and his lonely study once more.



## VOICES OF THE PAST.

'NAM te jam septima portat  
Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aestas.'—VIRGIL.

THERE are voices, holy voices, coming from afar away,  
They are always sounding near me, and I hear them every day :  
They are singing, they are sighing, they are laughing, they are crying,  
And they sometimes are as solemn as the voices of the dying.  
How they tell me of my childhood, of my boyhood, of my home,  
Of the old associations, ever missing while I roam.  
Oh ! they whisper words I cherish when they tell the tale of yore,  
When they bid me see the faces that I never may see more :  
And my eyes with tears are brimming, and my heart beats hard and fast,  
While I listen to the voices, holy voices of the past.

### I.

Hush ! they speak to me this evening, and they bid me to look back —  
And I see the misty morning breaking over memory's track ;  
And where lifts the lazy vapor stands a cottage by the hill,  
And a meadow stretches from it, down the road, toward the mill ;  
And a brook winds through the hollow, and its cadence falleth sweet,  
As it joins the drowsy humming of the mill-stone grinding wheat.  
By the cottage drooping willows fan the waters of a spring,  
And the bobolinks in summer on their lithe tops sway and sing.  
By the door and by the windows stand the stately hollyhocks,  
And the roses and the lilies hedge with bloom the pebbly walks ;  
And the gate that opens easy is o'ershadowed by a thorn —  
But it shuts the flowers from me and the cot where I was born.

### II.

There are voices, cheerful voices, that are speaking to me now ;  
Lambs are bleating in the pastures, farmer-boys sing o'er the plough ;  
Larks are soaring up to heaven, geese are cackling in the pool,  
And I swing my little basket as I trudge along to school.  
And my brother is beside me, for I hold his chubby hand,  
While he prattles of things curious which we neither understand.  
And we enter the rude school-house, sit together all the day :  
Wander home again at evening and take sister out to play ;  
Till the dews descending softly, fill the flower-cups brimming full,  
As our hearts were, O my brother ! in the days we went to school.

## III.

There are voices, mournful voices, that are speaking to me now :  
Years have filled a cup of sorrow, sadness sits upon my brow.  
Death the stern and death the mighty stretches out his chilling wand,  
And my sister, little sister, sleeps to wake in Spirit-land.  
Blue-eyed child of sunny summer, winter winds are very cold  
For the fragile, heavenly flowers planted in this earthly mould ;  
So the angels bore thee upward to the garden of our God,  
Raising up the fallen flower when the storm had chilled the sod.

Little children make death beautiful, so sweetly still they lie :  
But oh ! they forget to waken when they once have learned to die !  
Yet I murmured o'er my sister, lying peacefully and mild,  
Oh ! that I could turn me back again and die, like her, a child !  
For with childhood pleading for me, sealed by death upon my brow,  
'T were a blessing thus like her to lie : but oh ! what were it now !

Blessed fields where fancy wanders ! often in the silent night  
Have I searched along your pathways for a beautiful, a bright  
Girlish form that clung to me once like a little clambering vine ;  
And I long to sleep and wake with thee in heaven, sister mine.  
And when clouds roll up the heavens from the depths afar below,  
Forming palaces of splendor where the sun-set lances glow,  
Or the stars shine on the battlements and crowd around the dome ;  
And beneath, billows of moon-light surging, as if shoreward, come :  
Oft I think that thou art gliding, with a step I hear no more,  
By the pillars, by the arches, through the blue, star-hinged door,  
Stretching out a hand of welcome from the spirit-haunted shore.

## IV.

There are voices, solemn voices, and they lead me into gloom ;  
For a mind is robed in darkness, and its palace is a tomb  
Where dear memories are buried and affections unrevealed,  
And the lips that made me music are no more for me unsealed.  
And the eyes which blest me wander in a wildly vacant stare ;  
Bound are hands that in my childhood dallied fondly with my hair.  
Motherless, with yet a mother ! Joys have faded from me fast ;  
And a wail of desolation fills the voices of the past.

## V.

There are voices, joyful voices, sounds of laughter and of mirth,  
And our lips are red with kisses : mother sits beside the hearth ;  
And her voice is full of music as again it fills the room,  
Stirring heart-strings which were silent till they thrill again at home  
We are happy ! we are happy ! father, mother, brothers, all.

(Ah! I saw a pleasant picture in the mirror on the wall!)  
 Clouds of darkness passed us over, but lost Hope came through the storm,  
 Bringing sun-shine to a household where so many hearts were warm;  
 Softly, faintly dying out like far-off melody, at last:  
 How the peace of home breathes o'er me in the voices of the past.

## VI.

There are voices, olden voices, which are speaking to me now;  
 And they stir the air so gently in the quiet of their flow,  
 That I listen, as if dreaming, as they uninvited come,  
 Chiming faintly, chiming quaintly, to the measure of 'sweet home.'  
 Is it I, or scenes that vary? Ah! we both are very changed;  
 For my foot-step from the cot where boyhood lingered is estranged,  
 And the flush of life's great summer heats the current in my veins,  
 As I tremble into action where proud commerce heaps her gains.  
 I have left my father's fire-side and the warmth around the hearth,  
 And I wander among strangers like a Jew upon the earth.  
 I have hushed the play of brothers and bedewed their saddened smile;  
 I have parted with my mother as she lingered at the stile;  
 And my father — his hand trembled as he gave it into mine,  
 And there glistened through his lashes tears that faith could scarce confine;  
 Half a blessing died in silence as I turned into the lane;  
 And long years have flown since they have said: 'He's coming home again!'

Robins sing within the orchard, the brook gurgles o'er its bed,  
 Kine come up the lane, a-lowing for the buxom milking-maid:  
 All these sounds together mingle and then die away at last;  
 But my heart shall keep those voices, olden voices of the past.

## VII.

There are voices, tender voices, speaking lower to me now;  
 There are lips whose warmth is burning on my cheek and on my brow.  
 Give me quiet while I hear them — they will tell me what to say:  
 They are down upon the river where the waters are at play.  
 Hush! night sleeps upon the highlands — list! it cannot be o'erlong  
 Ere from out the evening silence floats the glory of a song.

## I.

BEFORE me lies a calm and quiet bay,  
 Enshrining many flower-scented islands,  
 And snowy sails along the waters play,  
 In moon-light or the shadow of green highlands.

I watch the sail that swelleth in the wind,  
I watch the waves of this deep-flowing river,  
In foamy wakes dying afar behind :  
'T is thus the stream of life flows on forever.

## II.

I have a boat, a neat and handsome craft,  
With new, strong sails, and pretty pennons flowing,  
And she is rigged both forward and abaft,  
To court the softest breeze that e'er went blowing.  
Taut, trim and gallant, she can breast a storm,  
Can ride the billow in life's wintry weather,  
And she has cabins fairy-like and warm :  
Come, love, may we not sail life's stream together ?

## III.

Come to the cabin : murmur like a lute  
The words for which my soul awaiting yearneth ;  
My heart is stilled with hope, ardent but mute,  
And from thy look and tone quick lessons learneth.  
Ah ! 't is enough ! If thou hadst answered no,  
And bid me wander on, to thee a stranger,  
Thy words had held me aimless here below,  
And left my ship a chartless billow-ranger.

## IV.

O noble ship of life ! I am a god !  
My cabin is my heaven — there is my angel ;  
At th' inner shrine no feet but ours have trod,  
And there she reads to me the heart's evangel.  
To him who dares the silken curtains move,  
To cheat one love-glance from her eye of beauty,  
Or seeks to cloud the brightness of her love,  
Her glance shall teach him shame ; her anger, duty.

## V.

Upon some fair and rosy summer morn,  
Before the sun-light wakes upon the water,  
While hangs upon the new moon's silver horn  
A bright young star, chaste Dian's only daughter,

A little hand shall wake thee from thy sleep,  
A voice shall cry to thee, yet not in sadness ;  
And while the star and crescent find the deep,  
Ye shall arise in glory and in gladness.

## VI.

And when I turn me from my watch above,  
Leaving the stars dissolving in the ether,  
To kiss the slumber from thine eye-lids, love,  
And find two blissful morns have dawned together ;  
O queen of soul ! there will I praise with thee,  
That guidest heavenward angel feet, soft pressing,  
That RULER of our happy destiny,  
Who crowns our love with love's all-crowning blessing.

## VII.

Oh ! who would be aught but a mariner,  
When love is freight ? for as the port comes nearer  
And lift the heaven-spires from the dim afar,  
The ship and freight grow beautiful and dearer.  
And when Hope drops her anchor from the bow,  
And guiding lights gleam over waters idle,  
With one kind word for happy long ago,  
We'll turn to heaven for yet another bridal :  
And when th' Eternal City shields us from the weather,  
We'll thank our Ship of Life that we have sailed together.

Did ye hear the waiting echo whisper o'er that passion strain ?  
As it died along the highlands echo fainted on the plain.  
Oft again shall its love-breathings fill the nightingale with dreams,  
And its music mingle murmurs with the lispings of the streams.  
Love is sleeping amid flowers, and his song shall be the last :  
We have listened to the dearest of the voices of the past.

## REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mislike me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## CHAPTER TENTH.

I WAS in the act of putting on my coat the next morning, after breakfast, preparatory to going to the counting-room, when some one was announced as wishing to see me. His name—for he considerably sent it in—was Bellows. As I had no acquaintance bearing that appellation, I asked the servant what kind of looking individual Mr. Bellows might be.

'A very pleasant-spoken man, Sir,' was the reply; 'seems a civil, nice person.'

'Ask him in.'

'I did, Sir; but he said he only wanted to speak with you a minute.'

My wife looked at me with apprehension.

'Very well: tell him I will see him directly.'

'Charles,' said my wife, 'I am afraid this is some fresh trouble.'

'Well,' I replied, 'if it be so, the sooner it is met the sooner it will be over.'

With that I proceeded to the hall, where Mr. Bellows was waiting.

My servant was right. I saw a well-dressed man, with a pleasant expression of countenance; not more than twenty-five or thirty years old, who bowed politely as I approached. The brief time I had to form an opinion of him from his appearance, baffled any conjecture. Evidently he was not in what is called polite society, but he exhibited a peculiar ease of manner which few possess who are not accustomed to it: in short, he appeared perfectly at home as he stood patiently waiting for me.

'Mr. Parkinson?'

It was thus he desired to be assured of my identity.

I bowed.

'I have some papers here which I wish to hand to you,' he said in a tone so bland that a by-stander might have thought he was inviting me to a wedding. Thereupon he took from the breast-pocket of his coat two documents, which he presented to me. Yet, although his errand seemed concluded, he showed no signs of leaving.

'You are ——'

'A deputy-sheriff.'

'Walk in for a few moments till I can look at what you have given me.'

And Deputy-Sheriff Bellows politely accompanied me to the library. Despite every effort to be cool and self-possessed, I was not at all so. I looked nervously over the papers in my hand and could get no further than '*City and*

*County of New-York, ss.*, before I found myself re-reading this apparently harmless statement of a geographical position. I raised my eyes to the officer and in the expression of his countenance I thought I discovered a look as if he would say: 'Pray do n't take the matter so hard, it won't amount to much.' So I thought I could not do better than follow up this interpretation by asking him to tell me what was the object of the service. 'Sheriff,' I said, 'will you please explain this matter, and say what you have to perform?'

'It is a warrant under the Stillwell Act,' said the officer. 'You will have to go before the judge, and bail must be put in. My duty is to take you at once before Judge Calcroft, but you will of course want to see your counsel first. I will accompany you wherever you wish to go.'

He would accompany me. That was really very kind, very considerate; but a queer sensation came over me when I stood there for the first time under ARREST. A strange, odd feeling it was that I could not stir one step without this man, in any direction. His very civility—a kind of patient good nature—while I really appreciated it, actually gave me a more forcible idea of the situation I was in than any discourteous or illiberal course he could pursue. Had he, in a bluff, harsh manner, demanded I should go instantly with him, I should not have felt half so much the force of that *warrant* as I did when the officer, wishing to put me quite at ease, told me to take my time, he would accommodate himself to my movements as far as possible, while I knew he was destined to be my companion, *volens nolens*, till released from his society by order of the proper tribunal.

'You say bail is to be put in?' I inquired.

'Yes, if you wish an adjournment. I do n't suppose you will be ready to go right into an examination.'

'Bail,' I repeated to myself. And I began to cast about for friends who would under such circumstances be ready. If you have never suddenly found yourself in any emergency which required the guaranty of two names with yours to enable you to walk out of your own house free, let me ask you to stop a moment and consider whom in such case among all your acquaintances you would apply to for this service. Possibly the names will not embrace those with whom you are most intimate. You will be much more apt to select some old-fashioned, considerate individual, on whose judgment and experience you depend to take a just view of the necessities of your own requirements. Perhaps you may be surprised that on a careful marshaling of friends you find so few whom you feel you can rely on to go with you on a 'bail bond.'

In my state, I was greatly embarrassed to decide who to ask; for I was in no condition to return the favor; and a large proportion of those I called friends were the last I would request a service of this kind of. Here was a test. After considering a time, I could think of no one except my counsel, Mr. Norwood. I would tell him how I was situated, and ask him what I should do. I was but a few minutes revolving these matters, while the officer sat waiting. In sharp times we think fast and much. I found myself taking a new admeasurement of most things under the sun. Many of what I considered fixed ideas, began to change or melt away like dissolving views; others, quite faint



before, became strongly established. It seemed, *apropos* of myself, as if every thing in the world had broken loose and was driven hither and yon, helter-skelter, while preparing to form again in regular place. That morning I think I began, among other things, to appreciate the sense of the term LIBERTY. I am sure I never did before. Now, when I was absolutely under the control of a man who could say, 'You shall not rest there; you shall come here;' even if such control was to be but temporary, I learned a practical lesson of its sweets. . . .

I thanked Mr. Bellows for his patience, and told him I was ready to go, and we proceeded to the office of Norwood and Case. I bade the children good morning as usual. They suspected nothing, although Charley stared at the officer a little as we passed out. My wife was in her own room.

As we walked along, the officer seemed inclined to enter into conversation.

'This sort of thing can't hold,' he said. 'It has been tried on before, but the parties have always settled. I do n't believe Mr. Norwood will advise *you* to settle. For my part, I would like to see the question tested. I do n't approve of such doings. It's a great mistake if people think we care to execute such a process as this. Not at all; and although Bulldog brings a great deal of business into our office, I never want to find one of his cases in my box.'

Before we reached Mr. Norwood's, my conductor became very communicative, and I learned a good deal from him about Bulldog which the reader is sufficiently acquainted with in general from what I have already said. It was in fact a full confirmation of Mr. Case's statements of the actings and doings of the creature.

Fortunately I found both Mr. Norwood and Mr. Case in their office. Soon I was closeted with the former, Mr. Bellows manifesting an entire absence of responsibility as soon as he saw me in the hands of my counsel. I exhibited the papers, spoke of the situation of my furniture and of my horses and carriage, suggested that in due course Bulldog (that is, Goulding) would first obtain judgment and execution.

'We must block them there,' exclaimed he. 'This is private property, and I cannot put it on the Company's schedule; but in fifteen minutes I will draw a short assignment to protect any private debts you may have. I named several, and in a very short space of time the document was prepared and executed.

'There; so much for that,' said Norwood. 'Now I am at leisure this morning, and shall insist on going on with the case.'

'But if we do not get through,' I said, 'there is bail to be procured.'

'I will take care of that, my friend,' was the reply.

So we all started for the 'Hall,' where Judge Calcroft was sitting in Chambers. He looked half ashamed on seeing me, for I had a slight acquaintance with him. At the same time Bulldog entered, he having been duly notified by the Sheriff of our appearance. As he came into the room he spoke to me in a loud voice, 'Good morning, Mr. Parkinson,' as if nothing had ever occurred between us. I scarcely nodded in return.

‘I suppose, Mr. Norwood, you wish to enter into the ordinary bond to plaintiff, and take an adjournment.’

‘Not at all,’ replied Mr. Norwood, who was all the while busy writing. ‘We controvert under oath, as you shall see presently, and are ready to submit to an examination.’

‘The devil you are,’ said Bulldog, who only wanted to gain time till his judgment could be obtained and meanwhile have me bound not to make any disposition of my property. ‘Are you aware, Sir,’ he continued, ‘that this examination will take up more than one or two, or even three sessions?’

‘Bulldog,’ interrupted Norwood, ‘you are too late; my clients made an assignment on Saturday. Now,’ continued my counsel, ‘just swear to that before the Judge, and we are ready to proceed.’

Bulldog was furious; but he could not help himself. He consoled himself, however, by subjecting me to a long and what seemed a very impertinent examination, until the Judge said he could sit no longer, and the matter must of course be postponed by order of the court. I was forced, therefore, to put in the required bond, and Bulldog had thus the satisfaction of, in one sense, carrying the day by his perseverance, aided by the countenance of Calcroft, who it was too evident was in a degree under his influence. That affair was thus concluded, and I may as well observe here that I heard no more of it. Bulldog, seeing we were determined to meet him boldly, and finding also that he was too late to throw any obstacle in the way of an assignment, failed to appear at the adjourned day, and the case was dismissed.

As we were leaving the court-room, Mr. Norwood asked me if I had given the Sheriff any thing. I said I had not. ‘Hand him five dollars,’ he whispered. Going out together, I took occasion to follow his suggestion, thanking the officer at the same time for his politeness. Mr. Bellows took the money without the least hesitation, quite as a matter of course, remarking, however, as he thanked me, that if they (the officers) were confined to their legal fees, it would be impossible for them to live and support a family; that they endeavored to treat those whom they were required to arrest with as much courtesy as possible, consistent with prudence, and so we separated.\* Thus I acquired some practical insight into the Sheriff’s department, and also got a glimpse of both sides of the legal profession — one very honorable, one very base.

I have been thus minute in chronicling these circumstances, because it is my design to record just how, in this crisis, a selfish, bad man was enabled to destroy my plans and cast a blight on my prospects. Examples like mine are not infrequent. The business world suddenly misses one of its active members. A few questions are asked, a sympathetic ejaculation of ‘poor fellow’

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\* MR. PARKINSON’S account of his first introduction to Deputy-Sheriff BELLOWES, and of his intercourse with him, is a very natural one. The sheriff’s deputies in the city of New-York are generally civil and obliging in the discharge of their duty, and the openly receiving of a gratuity for time spent in accommodating a party under arrest, in visiting counsel and finding friends, is not improper. We have known several instances where an officer has been offered a handsome fee to induce him to arrest a defendant at an unseasonable hour and hurry him to Eldridge-street, which was peremptorily refused. Cases to the contrary may have occurred, but not within our observation.—EDITOR.

uttered, and the current sweeps by and he is forgotten. But the one left high and dry does not forget. Wistfully he looks after his comrades, who are energetically pursuing their various avocations, from which he is debarred. He, so lately a prominent actor among them, is now absolutely powerless. He can neither buy nor sell. He cannot perform a single business transaction requiring the use and possession of property. His name is not worth the paper it is written on. He knows it, and he *feels* it. It is idle to attempt to make an advantageous purchase. 'Six months' credit' to him, means 'cash on delivery;' and he dare not even at that take the smallest article in his own name. And why? Because his creditors, or some one or more of them, refuse to release him. They declare that he shall remain in bondage. They hold him enslaved. He has a will and a hope, and much energy: they destroy all. He has a family, who depend on him: these are beggared. He turns in every direction to find some gleam of light, and finds none. And the world is impoverished to the extent of the loss of this man's labor and industry. There is but one true course when an individual *can't* pay his debts, and that is for his creditors to *release him* and let him go to work. When a man is down he should be helped to rise; return him to the world, to his position, and so save him.

It is but just to the merchants of New-York to say, that as a class they are indulgent and liberal toward those who are forced to suspend. When convinced the debtor is honest, they are apt to take the first offer, and let him go on with as little delay as possible. But there are, at the same time, a good many such men as Goulding, who manage by one plan or another to secure payment in full, or push the unfortunate debtor into inevitable bankruptcy. I wish I knew some method of reaching these people. As I have remarked, most of them do fail themselves eventually, but a portion grow fat on what they thus wring from the unfortunate and despairing. Even now I can scarcely restrain the expression of a solemn curse which rises to my lips when I think of Goulding — Goulding; not Oilnut. Frankly, shaver and sharper and unscrupulous as he is, Oilnut would not have arrested me. He would *manage* to secure payment in full, but not brutally nor with legal violence. The reader must therefore have patience while I go still more into the detail of my misfortunes, showing how gradually I was forced *down*. It will be seen that by the action of Bulldog, I was compelled to make an assignment of the household furniture, and horses and carriage, which really belonged to my wife, but for which legally she was not protected. Here was the commencement of the break-up. For in a few days there would be obtained three judgments against me in favor of Bulldog, Screwtight and Company, and Gripeall; and the assignee would be forced to act. As I attempted to look this state of things in the face, a sense of *horror* would sometimes overpower me. Sell our furniture! Leave our house — my wife's house — purchased with the money left to her by her father to insure her a home independent of the vicissitudes of business. Wretch that I was to take her money and lose it: and I had reproached her for our expenditures! Nearly seventeen years in that house. The children all born there. Every room hallowed by some

happy association. Was there *no* help for this? Was it really to be? Perhaps I was only dreaming. At the last moment relief would come from some quarter. Yes, relief *would* come. During the day I managed to drive off the thick black brood; but at night, after a short and unrefreshing slumber, I would wake; and oh! the agony which during its silent watches held possession of me until the morning broke, and I hastened to rise. I know of no species of suffering which compares with *this*. No affliction, no pain, no trouble. There is no resisting it. No armor of reason or philosophy is proof against it. Long afterward, when I had descended to my position of chronic misfortune, God was merciful to me, and I could sleep. Now this 'chief nourisher' was denied to me, and in its place I encountered those dark fancies of the night which few will fail to recognize who have had their season of calamitous reverses.

## CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

DAY after day ran by. Affairs went on in the world's old routine, quite irrespective of my situation. Our assignee was quietly at work, winding up as fast as he could what had been placed in his hands. Rollins had been employed at my suggestion to aid him. In December judgments were duly entered against me in the three suits I have already mentioned. The law at that time (it has since been changed) provided for a delay of thirty days before execution could be issued — a short respite for which I felt thankful. On the first day of December, Mr. Glynn sent as usual for his semi-annual interest. I wrote him a note stating my situation, and saying that my wife intended to dispose of her house, and asking of him some indulgence. I received in answer the following:

'MR. CHARLES E. PARKINSON:

*New-York, December 8, 1847.*

'DEAR SIR: I have your note of yesterday, and in reply would state, that considering the unexpected disarrangement of your business affairs, I shall postpone any application to your wife or yourself for interest on your bond and mortgage for fifteen thousand dollars until the first day of June next, unless you should earlier have disposed of the property.

'Your obedient servant,

'E. P. GLYNN.'

Here was another pleasant disappointment. Mr. Glynn was looked on as a close, severe man, prompt and exacting. And he was so. But this proved him to be also considerate and just. The world frequently sets a totally wrong estimate on such men. They may have begun life soft-hearted enough, but after a while experience teaches them that in money matters they cannot rely on one promise out of ten which is made to them, except it is put in a business form, and made subject to business penalties. And so these persons become sharp and strict, and apparently uncompromising; when should a proper occasion present, they show a conscientious feeling at the bottom.

Well, here was ample time for us to dispose of the house. What a relief! blessings on Mr. Glynn! For from the surplus which the sale of it would produce above the mortgage, was our only hope for the present. We expected

to be able to dispose of it for twenty-five thousand dollars ; since property in Broadway was fast increasing in value, and on and adjoining the spot where our house once stood, stores are erected worth almost a fabulous price. I breathed with a lighter heart after receiving that letter, and I began now to calculate what was best to do should we succeed to our mind in making the sale. Mr. Norwood was consulted about the furniture. He was my wife's trustee, and let me say here from first to last our firm, substantial, undeviating friend. *My* assignment of furniture embraced only certain valuable articles which I had myself purchased ; and since we had determined to fight Bulldog and his crew, as Mr. Norwood well remarked, we should be careful to leave no loophole for the enemy. So he went to work to make all secure before execution should issue.

Our carriage and horses Mr. Norwood sold to a client just then in want of a neat turn-out, and at a fair price ; and he afterward sold most of the furniture mentioned in my assignment to an acquaintance, who after the sale permitted us the use of it for the present. This was my friend's explanation, and I trusted the whole matter to him. In this way, as I have said, the days ran by. Those judgments coming nearer and nearer to execution, when the war would be commenced, and doubtless carried on with vigor.

Christmas was approaching ! Christmas with its sparkling frosts, its cheerful merry-making, its round of pleasant visiting and interchange of gifts and happy congratulations. This was to be our last Christmas in the old home. How should it be spent ? In sackcloth and ashes ; or bravely, joyously, as of yore ? I declared for the latter. My courage was getting back to its normal condition. 'There shall be a Christmas-party for the children, and a Christmas-tree and open house on New-Year's. Neither sullenly nor sorrowfully will we look toward our new condition, but with hope and resolution. Come,' and I led my wife into our parlors and planned how it should be as we walked up and down.

'HODIE mihi :  
Cras tibi.'

'Do you understand me, Florence ? 't is a scrap from my college days. It is the *carpe diem* of the philosopher. You remember that painting in the Gallery at Munich ? Well we will illustrate that. Seventeen years *here*. Brave old years — gone, sealed up for the judgment. God willing, we will remain in this house till May, and *then* we will close its history and depart.' My wife shuddered slightly, very slightly, yet I perceived it. I looked in her face and saw that she entered not into my cheerful plan. She did not say so, and I did not tell her I noticed her emotion. Just the reverse. For she assented with alacrity to what I proposed, and we both set to work to carry out the preparation for those holidays.

And with entire success. The Christmas presents were purchased, the children's party was fully attended, the tree loaded as usual. Two or three invitations we accepted ourselves ; and so long as the gay world perceived no difference in us, we discovered none in it.

Only *I* noticed (no one else could) that my wife went through all this as some appointed task, enduring not enjoying; but the children did not know it, and I was glad of that.

New-Year's day! It passed with us to all appearance as the New-Year's of the previous year. The accustomed visits were received, and I made the ordinary round of calls. The day was fine, and the spirits of every body elastic. In one of the streets I encountered Bulldog. We brushed closely past each other. I did not notice him. He, however, nodded familiarly, exclaiming: 'Going it while you're young, eh?' At the house of a mutual acquaintance I met Goulding. He seemed disposed to bow as my eyes fell on him; but he recovered in time, warned by my look, which was full of contempt, that there could be no recognition between us. Oddly enough, coming out of another house I was stopped by Oilnut, who seized my hand, and in his softest manner asked how we all were, declaring that on New-Year's we must forget any little misunderstanding; I laughed in spite of myself, for I had never nursed my wrath against the man for acting out his nature, and I was thinking of the ridiculous way he answered me when I last left his office. So I laughed, but made no remark, and we both passed on.

When this first day of the year was over, the visits all paid, all received; the children in bed, Miss Alice gone to her room, while the gas still burnt brightly through the fine parlors, over the *debris* of the entertainment that strewn the tables, I stood before the fire, looking around on the scene. My wife came toward me from the further end of the apartments. Putting both her hands around my neck, she looked an instant in my face, and burst into tears.

Without a word I placed her gently beside me, on one of the sofas, where leaning her head on my shoulder she sobbed like one broken-hearted for many minutes. Gradually she grew composed. Then she raised her face, and taking one of my hands, she pressed it convulsively against her heart, and with much effort she said: 'There! it is over; it *would* come, Charles, and I could not help it. I feel well now.'

There was no need of words between us. In that struggle of the spirit she was not unconscious of her husband's sympathy. Any assurance of it would have jarred that delicate chord which encircles united hearts. I knew but too well what she had passed through in that brief quarter of an hour. I knew but too well that, as a mother strains to her breast in a last embrace a child embarking on some returnless journey, so she, with all the sorrow and anguish of a lost love, had taken leave of the dear and happy and unreturning *past*, and even now had made ready to accept the gloomy promises of the FUTURE.

#### CHAPTER TWELFTH.

Two weeks afterward I sat in the counting-room, no longer *my* counting-room, looking over various papers, and examining various accounts; when a person entered whose face was familiar, but when or where I had before seen it I could not remember. I was not long, however, in recalling the features of

Deputy-Sheriff Bellows. I wondered if I was again to be placed in duress by that amiable official. Before I had time to speculate on the subject, Mr. Bellows had approached, and begged to speak to me in private. We withdrew to a corner of the room, where he exhibited what he called an 'execution,' and told me that although he regretted it had fallen by the rule of rotation into his hands, I must be aware he was forced to do his duty; to which reasonable statement I assented without remark.

'I am directed,' continued he, 'to levy on the furniture in your house. I came first to acquaint you of this, thinking you might be able to arrange it.'

I explained to him that a portion of that furniture had been held by Mr. Norwood, as trustee for my wife for many years, and that the remainder did not belong to me, and that he would certainly run a great risk in attempting to hold the property.

'You forbid my making a levy, I presume?'

'Oh! no. You must do as you see fit. I only acquaint you distinctly with the fact that it is not my property you will levy on.'

'Just so; and I meant as much by my question. I will call on Mr. Norwood, and if he makes the matter clear, as I suppose he can, we shall require to be indemnified before we proceed further.' Thereupon Mr. Bellows took leave of me.

I saw nothing more of him for a week, and was beginning to congratulate myself on the easy disposition of the matter, when one morning, just after breakfast, he came to our house, accompanied by a man whom it would puzzle any body to describe. It was difficult to determine whether he was twenty-five or fifty-five years old, whether he was an idiot or a philosopher, whether dressed shabbily or like a gentleman, whether knave or saint. He kept a step in the rear of the Sheriff; his eyes neither raised nor depressed, but with an utter absence of expression directed toward an imaginary point at the extreme end of the hall. He did not turn to the right nor left, as I advanced once more to greet his leader or companion, as the case might be.

Deputy-Sheriff Bellows looked concerned and distressed when he saw me; he looked nevertheless like a man who had a painful duty to perform, and had made up his mind to go through with it.

'Very sorry, Mr. Parkinson, but the Sheriff has been indemnified. Would n't act till he had a perfectly fire-proof bond, then he was forced to. No use saying any thing about it. It's disagreeable, but it's a part of our business. I am obliged to remove this property or put a man in charge.'

He glanced as he said this, to the mysterious personage near him, who while shifting his position — a sort of pantomime 'Here' to the Sheriff's imaginary roll-call — never took his eyes from the supposed object far off at the lower end of the hall.

A cold sweat stood on my forehead. A pain shot through my heart. To be turned out of doors with no warning of the coming blow! I saw the fatal red flag of the auctioneer; I beheld the furniture carted off in every direction, and we left homeless, if not at the moment houseless. How I



feared lest my wife or some of the children would open the door of the parlor and learn what was going on.

Mr. Bellows came to my relief.

'Better go at once and see Mr. Norwood,' he said.

'What's to be done meanwhile with your friend here?' I asked.

The officer doubtless appreciated my anxiety on that head, for, considering a moment, 'Simpkins,' said he, 'you have not been to breakfast, I dare say.'

'Not *yet*,' answered Simpkins.

'Very well. Perhaps, Mr. Parkinson, you will allow the man to step downstairs and get something to eat, and,' (turning toward this strange specimen,) 'Simpkins, you can sit awhile, you understand, till *relieved*.'

Simpkins again shifted a leg, but kept his eyes at the favorite point. However, when the servant appeared at my summons, Simpkins fell into single file, and followed him below, while the deputy bade me good morning, and I started off rapidly for Mr. Norwood's office.

I was forced to wait two hours before he came in. Meantime, singular as it seems, I was chiefly employed in speculating as to the movements of Simpkins. After breakfasting to his mind, (for I had told the servant to feed him well,) what would Simpkins understand his duty to be, considering that he was 'in charge' of every thing in the house? Would he be content to sit quietly in the basement, or would he think proper to mount to the parlors, or perhaps, like a sentinel on duty, perambulate the house from cellar to garret? Would he explain to the servants? Should he encounter my wife on his peregrinations, would he explain to her? Would he frighten the children? In short, what *would* he do, or what might he *not* do? So curiously does the mind run on trifling incidents while under some severe and painful process.

At last Mr. Norwood arrived, and I hastened to give him an account of what had transpired. He was much annoyed for the moment. But he soon recovered, and said: 'I perceive we must fight these fellows. What a piece of base humanity that Goulding must be——'

'Bulldog,' I interrupted.

'Bulldog,' impatiently exclaimed my counsel, 'why, he is infinitely less degraded than his employer. Bulldog is an open, undisguised bravo, who tells you what he means to do, and tries openly to accomplish it. Goulding is a covert, cowardly knave and hypocrite, without one redeeming quality.'

Mr. Norwood checked himself in his severe harangue, stepped to the other room, and was closeted for half an hour with his partner. Coming out he said: 'We will take care of this matter. You can go to your business without farther solicitude.'

'But that person 'in charge?'' I asked.

'Shall be *dis*-charged, and that speedily,' said Norwood with a smile. 'We will see to it, let me assure you,' he continued seriously. 'Your house shall be relieved of the nuisance. Attend to your affairs as usual, give not another thought to this. Good morning.'

I learned afterward that two separate suits of replevin were commenced against the Sheriff and Bulldog jointly. One of these by Mr. Norwood, as my

wife's trustee; the other by the gentleman who had purchased and paid for a part of the furniture, which he permitted us the use of. Mr. Norwood himself procured the necessary bondsmen, and in short acted the part of friend as well as counsel in every particular.\*

When I went home to dinner the coast was clear; that extraordinary personage, Simpkins, whom I half-expected to encounter near the hall-door, had taken his departure. Mr. Bellows having called, Simpkins had followed him away much after the manner of a well-trained dog.

A very great relief this; but now I begun to taste the fruits of my recent misfortunes. We were retaining a precarious foothold in our house by the forbearance of Mr. Glynn and the friendship of my counsel. Money for daily expenses began to be necessary. Questions of curtailment in the household were raised — of dismissing some of the servants — of economy in our wardrobe, which included the important point of making visits, attending parties, and if of attending, then of giving entertainments. For the sake of our children, my wife thought it worth a struggle to retain our place in society; but after a little reflection she saw how impossible this would be. Embarrassed as we were by a cruel litigation, from which there was no escape, the small funds which I had thus far provided from private sources beginning already ominously to diminish, we commenced to count, as we never before had done, how much each servant cost per month, and to scrutinize the bills of the grocer and marketman. We were, in truth, *on allowance*; the enemy besieging us. Where were to come supplies? No more *visions* of the wolf: he was domesticated within doors: hungry, gnawing, sullen — not fierce. In verity, what was I to *do*? How keep alive my wife and children, how clothe them, where to lodge them? 'Oh! you forget the handsome surplus your wife will have on sale of the house.' Yes, for the moment I did forget, looking as we sometimes do entirely on the dark side. Well, there is a prospect there, a *sure* prospect, I may say. Delaine, the real-estate auctioneer, tells me the property can readily be sold in the spring, and for its full value. I *did* forget the house. So girding on the armor again, [Hope! Energy! how often the heart sinks, and how often it is renewed by these!] I addressed myself to the important subject of occupation for the future.

Somebody sent me, a few days after, a copy of the *New-York Evening Post*. In it was an advertisement with pencil-lines drawn around it. It ran as follows:

‘Sheriff’s Sale.

‘By virtue of three several writs of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at the vestibule of the City Hall, in the city of New-York, at twelve o’clock noon, on Saturday, the twenty-third day of March next, all the right, title and interest of CHARLES E. PARKINSON, which he had on the twentieth day of December, 1847, or any time thereafter, of, in and to the following described piece or parcel of property.’

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\* THE action of replevin is brought to recover the possession of any ‘goods or chattels’ which shall have been wrongfully taken. The plaintiff in such action on giving the required security according to the statute, is entitled to a ‘writ’ commanding the proper officer to cause said ‘goods and chattels’ to be delivered to him without delay.

The Sheriff having taken actual possession of the furniture in the house by putting SIMPKINS in charge, it was necessary to resort to this action to recover it for the owners. — EDITOR.

Here came a description of our house, and at the end of the advertisement was the signature of the Sheriff.

The blood rushed to my brain as I read it, really without fully comprehending its import. The first impression was, that all was gone — the very ground we stood on swept away. I had received so many shocks, and in such rapid succession, that absolutely my nervous system was affected by them. On looking through the advertisement again, I perceived that it was *my* 'right, title and interest' which was to be sold, and which, of course, any creditor had the power to sell under execution. If I *had* no 'right, title or interest,' then the creditor would take nothing by his motion. What, therefore, had I to fear? Much, considering who was directing this crusade against me. It was easy to make the sale, easy for the party to purchase my interest, and take a 'sheriff's certificate' to that effect, easy to record this, so that on my wife's attempting to sell the house, there should appear a cloud on the title, and then a certain sum forced out of us for removing it, or the sale prevented. That was clearly the plan. These fellows know how sensitive capital is — how cautious men are as to title when making a permanent investment in real estate. Even to-day, Delaine asked me if the papers were all straight with respect to my wife's house. He hoped to sell to James, the commission-merchant, who had realized a large fortune by dealing in 'prints only,' and had retired, and was making investments in city property.

I put the newspaper aside as my wife entered the room. It seemed as if it would be cruel to acquaint her with this new move of our adversary.

For, within a few days — I was slow in acknowledging it to myself — I had perceived that my wife's countenance exhibited a degree of pallor which it never bore before. She had, when not in conversation, a care-worn, weary look. The sound of a sharp, hacking cough frequently fell on my ear. It was owing, she said, to a severe cold taken some time since, from which she had quite recovered, except this occasional tickling in the throat; that was all — really, it was only in the throat. I was ready to believe this. It is a blessing, sometimes, not to be clear-sighted. Even delay in becoming so, we should be thankful for. The goodness of God permits us to be blind sometimes, that we may not discern too closely the future.

However, I did feel sufficiently anxious about my wife — sufficiently observing of her languid appearance — to withhold the advertisement which I had just read. This was the first instance since my failure, that I had omitted to mention to her any special subject of annoyance. My habit was a selfish one, perhaps; for it was a relief to tell her; a relief to hear her pleasant, loving voice, rich with encouragement and hope, in reply. But there was a stop to it now. Here the road grew more difficult. I dared not take my companion with me. I must travel it alone. Good-by, my wife, to that close confidence which permitted me to recount to you even matters the most harassing. How the children are playing over the house, scampering up and down. Why not? What have they to do with difficulties, reverse of fortune, debt and embarrassment? Their time is not yet. Even Alice does not appear to be any the less happy, and she is really a young lady grown. Well, if I can manage to live, why, I will bless God for that. Even to *live* is a joy; some body says so.

[Some body not in debt, nor in extreme bodily pain.\*] A nice little house, a steady occupation; charming evenings at home. Books — ah! I have not looked often enough into my library. I will brush up my classics, revive the memory of college years, help to educate the young people, and let the noisy, busy, driving world sweep on. And I repeated to myself some lines which were part of a favorite poem:

‘AMBITION’S lofty views, the pomp of state,  
The pride of wealth, the splendors of the great,  
Stripped of their mask, their cares and troubles known,  
Are visions far less happy than thy own.’

In this manner I endeavored to get rid of the unhappy impressions produced by the sheriff’s advertisement. In this manner I endeavored to reconcile myself to what I saw must come, and make the most out of a new situation. And with success. I was not only cheerful, but I did much to raise my wife’s courage, which I perceived (she did not) was gradually giving way under these repeated trials, while she no longer enjoyed that firm, elastic health which is so necessary to enable us to cope with misfortune.

#### CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

WE have to encounter the inevitable nature of things. Were I inditing a romance, how agreeable it would be to record the triumph of honest dealing over trickery and fraud. How easy to give the pleasing particulars of the defeat of Bulldog in the several harassing cases brought against me, and the utter discomfiture of Goulding, Screwtight and Gripeall. How satisfactory, as in the old fiction, suddenly to introduce the wand of the magician, one wave of which should demolish all my enemies, and another wave restore me to position and wealth, provide for the happy marriage of my daughter, place the younger children on the same charming road, bring again the bloom of health to the cheek of my wife, and re-create for us, all the hoped-for happiness of life. Thus illustrating those pleasing, and by no means difficult theories, which the writer of a novel generally feels bound to sustain.

I have no such task before me. I fear, indeed, I have to weary the reader with what will almost seem a repetition of untoward circumstances.

Not to go into any farther minutiae of my litigation with Bulldog, I will observe that, after a while, attending to it got to be with me a special occupation. In fact, in one way and another, it kept me busy nearly all the time. For the creature maintained a perpetual round of perplexing motions, examinations, etc. etc., while I, determined that the men who had caused my financial ruin should not reap any reward from it, vigorously resisted every fresh attack, and with the aid of my counsel generally baffled the foe. But how dreadfully damaging were even my victories: how destructive the contest to all my hopes. The advertisement of the house by the sheriff soon attracted the notice of the real-estate auctioneer, the one who was attempting to sell it for us, and greatly damped his energy of action; for James, who was thinking seriously of mak-

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\* Interlined by Mr. PARKINSON in the original MS.

ing the purchase, was not willing, he said, to take it, if there was any dispute about it. He did not wish to contract for a law-suit. Then the report was busily circulated that the title to the property was defective: thus it acquired a bad name, and my hopes of a sale were daily diminished. At last I found the only course was to call on Mr. Glynn, and request him to foreclose his mortgage, and thus put every question at rest.

Meantime I began to make preparations for quitting our home on the first day of May. We resolved to go far 'up-town,' even to an extreme point, where a small house could be rented for a very moderate sum. Economy was the great object.

The poor are entitled to commiseration and sympathy and assistance, but the *reduced rich* require much the larger share. They hide themselves in misery away from their former intimates; they are oppressed with recollections of past happiness, and with apprehensions of the future; the children withdrawn from school, the daughters portionless yet unfitted to earn for themselves; overtaken by destiny; divorced from their circumstances; compelled to toil without hope, and to exist without aim; with settled habits of luxury, to be obliged to live in a manner the most meagre; with constitutions adapted by long use to comfortable modes of life and easy living, to be deprived of them, and plunged into the opposite extreme. Ah! reserve some portion of your sympathy for the reduced rich.

In one of my excursions house-hunting, early in April, I found a small dwelling which I thought would suffice for us. The rent was three hundred and fifty dollars, and the neighborhood not disagreeable. With a considerable degree of satisfaction, I proceeded homeward, intending to ask my wife to go with me to see it. When I arrived, she was not in the parlor, and Alice told me that mamma, not feeling well, had gone to lie down. With some trepidation I hastened to her room.

## TO G. W. R.

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BY R. S. CHILTON.

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## I.

I sorrow for your loss, and fain  
Would offer comfort; yet I feel  
How vainly words essay to steal  
From stricken souls the sting of pain.

## II.

Alas! I know the grief too well  
That wrings your heart: once o'er my own  
The shadow of such loss was thrown,  
And all was darkness when it fell.

## III.

In vain Faith whispered in my ear;  
In vain Hope pointed to the skies;  
Earthward I looked with streaming eyes;  
Hushed was the voice I yearned to hear.

## IV.

Then wherefore do I seek, who found  
No solace for my grief save time,  
With these poor words of empty rhyme  
To lift your sorrow from the ground?

## V.

Not that I deem your anguish less,  
But haply that I know the voice  
Which bids the mourner's heart rejoice,  
Is all unheard in sorrow's stress;

## VI.

But when its tones have reached the ear,  
And grief is calm, it soothes to know  
That others shared our bitter woe,  
And shed for us the sorrowing tear.

## THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

BY CHARLES GODFREY IELAND.

I'M not exactly like Colonel Davy Crockett's friend, Ben Harding, who couldn't read but could spell pictures like a do n't do to say what. For I can read like a young cane-brake, but not being naturally one of your 'cute sort, do not insistorate, wigify or propress any claims to be highly posted on art. Only this I do say, that I do n't call myself Number Two from Any Man, Any Other Man, or Not that Man but Another Man, in loving to look at paintings. At least I've got so far as to have recovered, discovered and uncovered the fact, that in those same Kerrycautures, as old Deacon Pinberry used to call all kinds of pictures, (thinking it was a highly moral and scientific way of nominating them ;) in those same national Kerriatures I have found there lies hidden a great share of the great Truth of Life: of the great solemn comfort which gives peace. I'm a plain man, as one may say, but I found out years ago that this much lies hid in pictures, and by dinting the fact into my mind I have made a big thing of it. And when you've made a Big Thing of any thing, dear reader, you've got a horse in your stable which will give you many a good ride where you used before times to go afoot. He's always there, ready saddled. How careful you should be to get the real Morgan breed though, and not merely A Good Enough Morgan!

What I mean by a great solemn comfort is, a Real Rest. When I was a clerk I once took a notion, being a pretty smart penman, to copy vignettes and eagles and things, and write the Lord's Prayer inside of a fourpence, and was allowed to do them pretty tolerably well. Now in all the work, small as it was, I found Peace. Making the little fine lines, and doing the cross-batching carefully, kept away worry. I can imagine what it must be when instead of copying bank-note shepherdesses and blacksmiths, and portraits of cashiers' plump daughters, (I've got a Pennsylvania note now — four per cent discount — with this last ;) when instead of such copying, I say, he goes right at forests and rivers, and lovely women and flowers, and throws his whole soul into their outlines and colors.

LORD! I must stop to breathe, there's something so much better and decenter and innocenter in such losing one's self in green leaves, and among bees and honeysuckles and beautiful proud-eyed girls and sunsets, and sea-shells and horses, and old walls, and storms off Mount Desert and Christkin-kle, and Venus on the Half-Shell, and Cinderella, and all that, than in nine-tenths of the Duty and Business and Serious Slop and Slather which life drives us up to! Why, I've thought this thing over of a summer day, up among the rocks on the North River, when Hale Hammerhorn was sketching, and I was smoking, until I half-believed that, outside of doing as one would be done by, it was the great duty of life after all. I say it seemed so, 't wasn't



*I* that seemed it, and the feeling used to come and bear down on me like celestial rolling-mill pressure. Nella Séton says, that ‘animals were created to feed out of Nature and be fed by each other, while human beings were made to enjoy the beautiful that they may afford mutual enjoyment.’ If so, then people who paint pictures, or study up what is attractive, and who give their whole minds to it, have considerably the best of life and of Truth. And as Nella says again, they have, *if they only knew it*, a very close and common cause with folks who do good; those who labor hard at every thing to please and cheer other people, to make them happy and to relieve suffering. It’s all a part of one great and glorious principle, the undisturbed enjoyment of nature and life, and of doing what is RIGHT and true. I wish I could make every body feel this as *I* feel it; ’t would be by a thousand the best thing Mace Sloper ever said or sung in his mortal days.

I spoke a while back of Deacon Pinberry, who had n’t but one word for all pictures, and that was, ‘Kerrycaures.’ The Deacon owned in his parlor what was generally allowed to be a good engraving of General Washington — the fine old pump-handle edition, you know. Well, Deacon P. liked the General, but did n’t like a Kerrycaure of him: ’t was something to him like a lump of ice in a tumbler of hot punch. When the Deacon bought a new Bible he inquired at the Boston book-store for a copy without kerrycaures: he ’d got one to hum full on ’em, and sort of thought they did n’t look well in the Scriptur. And the book-seller agreed with him that they probably did not.

But Deacon Pinberry was n’t in any wise the only man I’ve known who had an idea, or a sort of uneasy teasy conviction, that all kinds of picturing were somehow Wrong. Do n’t I remember the knuckles rapped for drawing on the slate, though it was out of school-hours? Do n’t I remember how the Master used to haul out the sketch and hold it up to general scorn and contempt, and turn up his nose, saying sarcastically and slowly: ‘You’re — well — employed — Sir!’ I can remember very well that he never said any thing against killing flies, or pelting hop-toads, or tin-kettling the cat; and that when the boys harnessed grasshoppers and locusts, even during prayer-time, he only used to take them away and put them in his second desk till school was over, for he was a very indulgent and kyind man. Only he had a feeling that any thing like a Picture was frivolous and silly and time-wasting, and a great way below his pious dignity and all human Jewty!

Have n’t I heard people say at one time, that they did n’t think pictures looked well in a parlor; and at another, that they weren’t appropriate in bedrooms: and so on through the house till they showed in the long run that they distinctly disapproved of having ’em any where? they were so Trying to the Furniture, and covered up the paper, and — and — and — oh! what haven’t I heard on this toptic from People of Very Good Taste?

Have n’t I heard Mrs. Henry Bane Strickline (who writes poetry) say, that considering what improper subjects artists generally painted, and the want of clothes in statuary, she was in all truthfulness Compelled to Admit that the World would have been so far, far, far better off by far without Art than with it. She trusted, however, that a Moral Era was now dawning in painting, and

that a complete Reformation would sweep away such Abominations as now scandalized her. She did Not speak ignorantly. She had been to see Page's 'Venus,' and Wertmüller's 'Danaë,' Palmer's 'Captive,' and Dubufe's 'Adam and Eve,' and had been Simply Disgusted. That was the Word. She had no other feeling. It was Disgust. This was said to me by Mrs. Hen Bane S., in a Broadway mock-picture auction-shop, in presence of two hundred Eminent Masters — the collection of a Gentleman Going to New-Jersey. When I left, Mrs. Hen was in 'wraptides' with a lemon-candy-looking view of 'The Prodigal Son,' which was rather below the level of the worst panel in the Fourth Avenue Cars. In vulgar diction, she was On It. If that picture had been an egg, Mrs. Hen's warmth would have hatched it. If it had been a man, she'd have married it. If it had been a three-cent pie, she'd have been right in the middle of it 'n less 'n no time. If it had been any thing Reviving, in a quart bottle, I would n't for the sake of her family have trusted her alone with it, unless the cork-screw crop had failed that year. But as it was only a Moral Picture she could only criticise it, which she did to the amount of seventeen sticksful in the *Family Pudding* of the next week. Therein she spread herself like the banyan turkey who went it blind on a hundred and fifty eggs. Therein she scattered and sparled with bewildering yet fiery ease the chorus-kating spotted splendors of the lithe and radiant agonies of language. Therein did she display a Morality so over-ripe that it burst open in a rather fishy detail of the hideous courses pursued by the Prodigal among the other gals, before he came down from wining it to swining it on husks. Therein did she ferociously deny that the husks in question were carob-pods, or any other pods, any more than they were pod-augers, *because* Husks and nothing else was the generally established reading linked with every soothing memory of infancy. Therein, finally, did she magnificate and elevify to the sum of all summits the Gifted and Rising young man who painted the Prod in question, and in whose studio, by the way, Mrs. Hen makes a good many morning calls, utterly disregarding of the vast quantity of stairs which she herself is compelled to rise on before she strikes the turpentine. It was a great crittercism, and one worthy of the critter who wrote it.

I was very glad to hear afterward that Mrs. Hen had secured that picture at a Very Great Bargain. The bidding was spirited, but she got it for Five Dollars with the Frame; and it now adorns her beau-door, as she calls the scantum scantorum in which she receives a few highly favored friends. Hiram who had been in it, reports contents as *viz*, namely:

One *Cenci*, who looked as if she'd been translated through seventeen languages, and had come out on the Belgian.

One *Infant Samuel*, drawn like cream-beer with a great deal of head on.

*The Thieving Father*, two moral-domestic Pastilles of the German importing fancy ware description, duplicates in oval brass frames, which Mrs. Hen had got at a great bargain, with a comb, in Maiden Lane.

*Sunday Morning*. An engraving very curious as exhibiting a group of seventeen twins of all ages. I know that idea is hard to manage, but so it struck Hiram.

*Grandpapa's Delight.*

*Aunty's Pet.*

*Lucretia Borgia.*

*La Traviata.*

These four were done in what Mrs. Hen said was Grecian Painting, which is generally regarded by all the most eminent artists of Europe as a great improvement on all previous methods.

*Innocence Tempted.*

*The Rose en Danger.*

*For Shame, my Dear!*

*My Husband is Asleep. Chut!*

*Georgette.*

*Gustave.*

There were a half-dozen very syrupy French lithographs, in all of which the eyes were like steel-traps, either very much open or very much shut, with a good deal of lash.

A great number of oil-pictures, by Mrs. Hen herself, completed the room; as they did indeed every other room in the house from garret to cellar. They were nearly all of the Well-Dressed Devotional or Second-Rate Moral Domestic school, at present so generally admired that it is thought that in a few years an appreciation of its beauty will be found even among bees and oysters.

'There's one great beauty about the pictures in Mrs. Hen's boudoir,' said Hiram, 'they all harmonize together as well as duck and green peas. When you know exactly *what* she is in taste and feeling, and the tremendously big class which she represents — and it's the majority if there ever was one, you'll find that there is n't the shadow of an incongruity in that lot. If she were a little more in really Good society, or a little less obstinate than she is, she might have been persuaded to buy something decent of Hale Hammerhorn, or some man of real ability. And that would have spoiled her col-lec. All the way from infant Samuel down to Gustave it sets forth her mind. It all hangs together, Mace, a great deal more consistently than you have any idea of.'

I not only believe what Hiram said is true, but I am inclined to believe what Nella said after I had gossiped all the foregoing over with her.

'Mr. Sloper, it's not only true that it all hangs together quite consistently, but it is quite as certain, and to me quite as plain, that it agrees at bottom with Deacon Pinberry's and your schoolmaster's hatred of all pictures whatever. They all dread Nature and Independence, and that genial cultivation which is world-wide: World-wide did I say! Ah! it sweeps over mountains and seas, and all that man has seen, into every sphere of beauty. It soars with speculative astronomy into problems of creation, and then dives into infinitely minute mysteries of loveliness with the microscope. 'No Kerryca-tures' and the Prodigal Son are the nearest of allies; they would both kill Art if they could; they would trample Pure Beauty under foot; they would chain the champion of the Cosmopolite to die in the darkest dungeon, as they have slain thousands of his gallant brothers in all ages. Bah! they're killing

us all the time, these same small two-penny Pinberrys and Henbanes, as mosquitoes smother lions.'

And the fire-light began to gleam and glitter on the black seas of melted velvet as the storm rose in her brain and circled round to her heart, and the red spirit fell in the barometer of her cheeks, till Nella became as beautiful as the glorious death of a true, unflinching heart.

[And if there is any thing more beautiful or more glorious than the death of a true-hearted gentleman or of a brave woman, for something in which they Believe, Mace Sloper has to learn what it is. Yes, there is a point where folly and falsehood may be defied; where they fall back baffled and bewildered to find that they are not exactly omnipotent when the brave soul, perfectly unvaluing all that is earthly, butterflies upward into the broad sunshine of eternity.

I'm no great scholar of poetry, but I very often read Mrs. Hemans and Miss L. E. L. aloud to Amelia; and I think the Gertrude Von der Wart of the one and the Crescentius of the other the two finest pieces I ever met with. For in them Man and Woman are brought up to a perfect equality and identity in what I regard as the perfection of human nature: I mean Devotion and Daring, fidelity and sacrifice.]

'I know, Mr. Sloper,' continued Nella, 'that most people would say that you and I were cutting down flies with a scimitar to hear such an onslaught on these poor Pinberrys and Henbanes, and all for nothing more than bad taste in pictures. But *that's* not the trouble. There is a darker depth under it all, on which we seldom reason. What *makes* their bad taste? These same proper Nobodies form in the aggregate a vast inert mass which does nothing, but won't let us through; though we are panting and imploring for life and death to reach our fairy garden home far away in the blue distance. Yes, these Nobodies are the ones who sneer and snub the free heart, or 'reprove' him in time of peace; but who rise in a rage and martyr him in a blind fury when the storm comes. Years roll by and they worship him, and then martyr others in his name.'

'It requires,' added Nella after a pause, 'much more bravery to battle an evil which the world does not understand than one which it does. And it is much easier to fight great abstract mischiefs than individual sins. I know a clergyman whom I've heard preach twenty sermons against atheists and infidels to a congregation which had n't a soul of the kind in it. But I never heard him preach distinctly against domestic tyranny, or over-reaching and meanness and sharp-practice in daily life, or against gossip and scandal, or against squandering our whole capital for immortality in living and acting Dress and suiting ourselves to empty fools who are doing the same. I never heard him preach against Austerity and Puritanical Conceit as sinful and loathsome. It would have been a *very*, very easy matter to so set forth all these great sources of sin and of suffering as to have made nineteen-twentieths of his congregation writhe *with* conscience. He never dreamed of it. Ah! it is n't Nice to be 'unpopular.' I never heard him or any other teacher say what *I* say, that if people need do nothing more than eat, drink, sleep, work,

marry, die and be saved, there was no occasion to go beyond creating immortal bees and beavers — or at utmost Hindoos. But *I do* see why men *should* live in this world if they *also* strive to develop Beauty and Joyousness and nobility of character in themselves and in each other, and leave it as an ever-increasing heritage in those who are to come after us here. God bless all those who do! I *do* see, clear as sunlight, through circles of cause and effect and association, which the world is as yet very blind to, that this doctrine of joyousness and beauty as a rule of life requires a far higher standard of dignity and honor and Christian love, and a far, far greater absence of meanness and littleness than is exacted by the popular ethics of the age. And I love this rule the more because I know that it will rise in popularity as women rise in intellectual culture and strength, and that it will be by their coöperation that it will be established. Woman's increase of influence in society is in exact ratio to the increase of progress and happiness.'

'True as Gospel!' I cried. 'And Nella, as women really are the most beautiful of all creatures, there's a sort of moral fitness, it seems to me, in their being the mainspring of such a movement —'

'Good for Mace!' interrupted Hiram sententiously. 'I'm going to three parties to-night, and shall decidedly get that off at each of them.'

'With this difference,' said Nella, 'that nobody'll give you that credit for sincerity which I give to Mr. Sloper.'

'True,' said Hiram, 'but then I shall each time tell some feather-headed belle that she is the one to lead off when the great march of Beauty takes place. And you never tell such a girl that she's beautiful but what the devil repeats it to her ten times.'

'The devil bless you and them for your trouble,' said Nella. '*Du bist der Geist der stets verneint.*'

'What does that mean?' I inquired.

It's only an elegant little Dutch compliment, Mace, calling your Uncle the Old Scratch, who always knocks every well-composed paragraph into pi. Well, I accept it as true. 'We all have our little mission here on earth,' as the monkey said when he smashed the looking-glass.'

'To return to Mrs. Hen,' said Nella after a pause; 'the deuce of it is, with these people who attend to the fine arts and fine feelings of the multitude, that they're all as a class ignorant, conventional and sensational. They don't know the history of art in all its steps, with all its relations to the literature and civilization of each era. They're all steeped through and through with the proprieties, Puritanisms and popularisms of a narrow social range. And then they're influenced by a certain trashy romance, and a mass of what they think are tender and 'elevated' feelings. But these feelings are generally little better than second-hand forms of expression, drawn from writers themselves second-hand; the whole being full of gabbling praise of virtues which they *don't* feel, and a prudish ignoring of the passions which they do. Ah! but is n't it delicious to read the comments of some body like Mrs. Hen on a Magdalen or a Venus. You may call Magdalens or Venuses eagles or turkey-buzzards for all I care, but I *do* say that the criticism of such birds by a barn-

yard goose, with clipped wings at that, is n't fit for much. Ah! the exquisite manner in which she quacks an art-moral of charity, tenderness and reform for the 'erring sister' is so ver-y beee-au-tiful! And so safe. Such a cheap way of being liberal-minded and bold, without the slightest risk. It looks plucky, to begin with, to take up such a subject to write on. It's delicate ground. Then The Bridge of Sighs and the texts come in so easily, the article almost writes itself. But through the whole Mrs. Hen never forgets to show us one thing, which is, that she really regards Miss Margaret Dalen as sunk very, *very* far below herself, and to be pitied for that reason. That's a nice way to write about a work of Art, is n't it?' . . . .

When I go into the woods, and sit down by rocks and running water; when I hear birds sing and leaves rustle — listen to things that Do n't Think — I feel that there must be some direct way of writing their beauty straight out without falling back on all the sentimental sorrows and miseries that people have stored their minds with out of poetical books, and their private troubles and Fine Feelings. When I go out of doors among men and women in the city, seems to me that with all the misery and poverty which *can* be raked out of corners — and I've seen a deuced sight more than Mother Hen ever dreamed of — it is n't doing the fair thing by life to always treat it in the everlasting romantic way in which most folks *will* handle it. It's childish to be always picking out the picturesque sugar-plums. Take the whole on an average, just as it is, and you'll find it's stronger, braver, more glorious, and a great deal less beggarly than you try to make it out. It makes its own poetry, Sir, and makes it much better than you can manufacture for it. Fact. It's a self-helping thing, this Nature, among rocks and rivers, or among poor people or rich; and when you writers who do the thinking and art for it find that out you'll discover that it do n't want any body's melancholy poetry and disconsolate piety at all. It wants good strong faith in itself, vigorous notions of what's In and very little pondering over what's Out. There's a corner to be sure for the Sentimental. But why the mischief make one's capital out of it? It's all in a nut-shell though. When artists and singers take right hold of life exactly as it is, they'll find it's a strong and beautiful thing; and they'll make it stronger and more beautiful by telling it so.

Hale Hammerhorn is one of your regularly sound no-nonsense sort of honest artist men, who intrudes on nobody, and who is very much respected by people whose respect is valuable. By the time you Find Him you'll be a mosscoppolite yourself, for you must go through the wide world to the Western World, and so on through that of New-York, into the little world of the Studio Buildings in Tenth-street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, where if you duly investigate you will discover Hale working away like a good fellow: getting in the effects on canvas, piling up crimson clouds and mountains, clearing open rocky gorges, and winding blue rivers and long lakes about in the most creative way possible. You've seen Hale, friend KNICKERBOCKERITE; seen him extensively, I dare say, if not under his hat, at least in pictures of French soldiers and old Italian artists; a great deal of beard, you know, with the brain



considerably emigrated from the head-top, foreign-eyed appearance, and a very general take-it-easyness in all the tints and shadows. That's the man. Something of the warranted-to-keep-in-any-climate look about him, not without a hint that he would n't be long in town before the folks who sell cigars, kan-oster, varinas, Virginia, coporal, Lynchburgh, Latikia, toomback, kinni-kinnik, tutoon, or any other tune of the theme Smoke, would find out he was there. That's the man. Been Every where so much that I should n't wonder if he believed that Somewhere is a sort of Nowhere. Seen the World, and, like the man who saw the Elephant, don't let himself be worried by it any more.

I have a real respect for Hale and for all his guild. You only need look round at his studies, or at any good fellow's like him, to see that he has gone straight in for the real thing, as well as he could, and no blarsted 'umbug about it, neither of the large blue kyind, you know — or any other sort. See that study of rocks near Tivoli, or Newport, or the Shrieking Dunderhorn in Switzerland, do you? Well, there's work there, good honest work, and a hearty effort to get right hold of a bit of Nature's fresh rude beauty, just as it is. No sentimentalism there. None of the Prodigal Son school, *I* believe. There may be greater painters and better picturers, but none *honest*er at any rate. That, *I'm* open to bet on. See you as high as you'll rise. And honesty is three-quarters of Art any day.

Hale's pictures, like those of any real artist, are stumps and ditches to critics of the Mrs. Hen order. To be sure they crawl round them or wade through with 'beautiful,' 'marvellous,' 'transcendent,' 'soft-toned,' 'deep,' but they do n't know how to *get hold of them*. They do n't see where the Morality comes in, or the Sensation, or the Sin. If a landscape now were only half as good a Joseph among the Potiphars, or a Prodigal, or Domestic Scene, or Rev. A. Q. Fortiss Martyred by the Natives, or a Camelia Lady, they'd be entirely in town on it. But as the picture is n't any thing but Nature 'straight,' or altogether unmixed, they get out of the hobble the best way they can, and take it out by privately abusing Literal Imitation as common-place and 'vulgar,' and a great ways below the par of High Art: in which latter, be it understood, all the Hen Banes are entirely and peculiarly at home at all hours.

'Come,' said Nella, after stealing all the foregoing ms., and reading it, 'why do n't you drop the fighting names and plunge into that dear old Studio Building, and tell all about it, and the boys who do it honor? I owe them a compliment or two for their invitations to their jolly receptions. Ah! did n't I enjoy those receptions! Wasn't it good fun being beau'd about from one study to another, and getting a *little* nearer at every visit to the home spirit of some one whom I knew before in his paintings! Say something about Leutze, do Sloper. He's my Northern Viking on the sea of Paint; a Viking magician who conjures up all kinds of pictures: heroes, icy rivers, fair women, gondolas, warriors in the death-throe, sunny fields of dream-land; oh! I believe in that great bearded Leutze—I do!'

'Good for Nella!'



'Then there 's Hayes, with his setters almost springing out of the canvas, and prairie-hens whirling up; what a museum he keeps to be sure! Do n't you like *him*, Sloper?'

'Who does n't?'

'There, there's Mr. Gignoux, who is always so polite, you know, and who used to have a bouquet on his table. And Shattuck, ah! those beautiful cabinet pieces ——'

'Yes, Nella, there's honest work there. Earnest striving after Nature, such as every true heart loves. And by the way, there's a curious fact about the old Studio, that, so far as I know them, every man in it is not only a sincere student, but a very good fellow indeed, and a proof that Art ——'

'Refines the heart. Yes, it is n't too much to say. There's Gifford — I know I do n't know how many people who're in love with Gifford. I'm One of 'Em, by the way,' quoth Satanelle, as she shot a cheerful laugh-light out of her angel-on-a-sprees eyes, and amputated a rose-leaf from the bush with a snap of the riding-switch which she's always slashing round with. 'Hurrah for Gifford!'

'Then there's Hubbard.

'He's a good fellow, too. The Spring to Gifford's Summer.

'HUBBARD is silver, Gifford is gold.

Their fame will be young when I shall be old.'

'Brava, Nelly! And Boughton?'

'Also a G. F. The American Birkett Foster. What a delicious winter scenerist!'

'A good word that. How about Launt Thompson?'

'As G. F. as any body. O LORD! do make me a millionaire — please do — right away — before dinner, if agreeable, so that I may order a duplicate of Old Adams — I mean the Trapper. Yes, Brother — Launt is sound on the Art goose.'

'Hart?'

'The nicest Scotchman that ever lived. Do n't I like his color! I'd Paint Myself to get as perfect hues. When you want to know how a meerschauum ought to color, look at the sea-foam in one of Hart's shore-views.'

'McEntee?'

'A G. F., and a real artist, if Gift and Genius in their love ever parented one. After every body in our world has heard that he is a good painter, McEntee will hear it himself some fine morning, and be the most astonished man in New-York. Ah! you ought to have seen his picture — let me see — what the deuce was it? — ah! yes — a November Day, after those lines by Bryant. Ah! 't was *gr 'r 'r 'r 'r 'rand!*'

'Casilear?'

'A G. F. who goes into Truth so closely, and reproduces her so truly, that people call him cold. Ah! I'm afraid she always is, in the ultimate. But I've seen an Alpine landscape of his — it does me good to remember it. A man of rigid art, but not harsh, crisp in detail — precise yet genial.'

'Dix?'

'Ten in English. A relation to Louis Dix, I believe.'

'All right. I'll tell 'em so round at the Century. But I mean Dix.'

'*Dix*. A real G. F. No mistake about it. And an excellent young marine-r, my lord; very excellent, and always aiming at the Better. Sloper, I approve of Dix.'

'Suydam?'

'The Elegant. One of the amateurs who has crossed in a yacht the Line which few save the professional sailors in big ships ever go over. Landscape, quiet skies, sea-shore, real water — sum total, an excellent, honest, gently-idealizing naturalist.'

Snap went the riding-switch, and another leaf was guillotined — in honor of the illustrious Suydam — just as negroes' heads are taken off in Dahomey, in honor of some distinguished guest. Which would make it a pleasant country for Horace Greeley to travel in!

'Mignot?'

'Oh! a very G. F. Two in one. A true son of the Church, but not a slavish one.

'His skies display  
A color which like perfume to the eyes,  
Tells of all tropic-flowers and passionate blooms,  
And fruits, rich, quaint and clustering.'

And Satanella sank back on the great nest of velvet cushions which she loves to pile up, Sultana-like, and brood in, till she looked like a sleepy swan who had been reading Byron — or dreaming him. For as I've heard Nella say, 'you can see all Byron in the lines of a swan, and all Shelley in a dolphin.'

'There's Hazeltine.'

'*Il Signor Marchese*. Would n't he have been a gem at the French court a hundred years ago? Just the face and figure for those times, or to please us foolish dames and deluded demoiselles at any time. Ah! but he's a very G. F., too — very, indeed. And steps along rapidly in art. He's impressible, truthful, a little too rapid, but an artist with a future. He is running away with Art in the same style as Jock O' Hazeldean — *he* was a glorious fellow, I know.'

And here Nella burst out into a grand tide of song, giving the whole ballad in full soprano, with very fine effect on the concluding lines. I've noticed, by the way, that this, and 'Lochinvar,' and 'Bonny Dundee,' and half-a-score other rattling, riding, devil-may-care sort of run-away, rackety ballads are great favorites of Satanella's. How she *will* bang the piano though, when she bursts loose on them:

"Click, clack. Whip and spur!"  
Sang Billy Wing-the-Wind;  
'Oh! when the road is good before,  
The devil may drive behind.'

'Well — Bierstadt?'

'Munich, I suppose. Is n't that German for a beer-town?'

'Nonsense — what of the man?'

'Oh! as jolly a G. F., I should suppose, as one would find on a long ride of a summer-day on the Campagna, when the donkeys and riders and pencils

are all out on a jolly good sketch. A true Dusseldorfer — his Rocky Mountain views move one two thousand miles to the West, and his style three thousand miles to the East — five thousand altogether. Some pictures, you know, do n't move one a bit. (By the way, Sloper, as the family are all out, I'll try a small cigarette, if you won't tell of me. Get me a light, *hermano!*) I always like entering that Indian museum of a studio. It's the extra attraction which the visitors always recall — I do, at least — all those buffalo-robcs, and Camanche saddles, and Blackfeet baby-rockers, and Kickapoo crinolines, are a great comfort to an inquiring mind — ah! — thank you' — (*puff, puff* — with immense satisfaction.)

'And Rouse?'

'A queer fish and a good crayonist — one whose portraits are to be desired of men — to say nothing of women. Do n't boast himself an artist, I am told, but *is* one, and can't help it.'

'Well, Nella, folks say you know every thing and every body. I begin to believe it.'

'Do n't half my beaux belong to the Century and Athenæum? Ar' n't they all KNICKERBOCKERITES? Who prowls so much in Derby's Gallery as I? Do n't I know the whole Jarves collection by heart, and mean to know it heartier? Who's on speakinger terms than I with every thing in the Dusseldorf, or the Bryan, or Aspinwall's, or Belmont's —'

'Or any other man. But do n't leave Bradford out!'

'A man, my lord, who, I am told, is of special modesty and real merit. One who woos Nature well, and yet must win her. Who strays in soul by dale and piney fountain, listening to solemn voices and dim murmurs, strange stealing from the rifted mossy rocks. A G. F., they say, Sloper, a very G. F. That's the Studio, as I remember it. All omissions carefully corrected in the next edition. When in the life to come I am re-born a man, I shall take rooms in the Studio, and paint marvellous water-scapes, and try to add one to the good, honest, genial, hearty souls who take refuge from so much Practical Stuff in Ideal Art.'

'So, you're to be a gentleman.'

'A G. F., Sloper,' quoth Nella, as she lay back on the cushions, and blew a ring of prohibited smoke up from the prettiest pair of rounded red lips in New-York. 'In those days Satanelle will be a G. F. and a Brick. For then I shall have an unlimited letter of credit to Act as will suit me, and I promise you that'll be like a young Niagara. Whew! *Va banque!*

“CLICK, clack. Whip and spur!”

Said Billy Wing-the-Wind;

‘Oh! when the road is good before,  
The devil may drive behind.’”

Ring for the horses! I feel Him sharp after me, this morning, and must give Him a roaring gallop. Hurrah! There's a clear sky and a strong north-west wind — whip and spur!

And Satanelle darted up-stairs like a shot from a cross-bow, while I went to order the animals.

## Obituary.

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### JOHN WAKEFIELD FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D.

THERE is no serial publication in this country which can more appropriately utter words of love and sorrow over the demise of JOHN WAKEFIELD FRANCIS than the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: its very name is associated with what he held in fond esteem, and illustrated with unique knowledge and rare local affection; for with the last half-century of our Municipal History, Dr. FRANCIS is identified through his efficient devotion to her literary, charitable, scientific and hygienic interests, and his pervasive and genial social influence; and with the earlier characters and fortunes of New-York his minute and graphic reminiscences not less emphatically associate him, than with all that is most interesting in the traditions and personal memorials which he so indefatigably gathered and vitally reproduced. As an expositor of New-York literature, Dr. FRANCIS warmly befriended the KNICKERBOCKER. Some of his choicest recollections of Cooke, Kean, Matthews and other histrionic celebrities were first published therein. To the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*' he contributed one of the most charming papers, and one he alone could have written; for it is a memoir of an eccentric but remarkably-endowed character, whose career had never been adequately indicated before, and yet abounded with curious and interesting facts. No individual of this community more heartily approved the objects or more consistently promoted the success of our Magazine: and his honored and beloved name will be found in almost every volume, as we have had occasion to note the philanthropic enterprises, the literary developments, or the social and local phenomena of our State and Metropolis. Dr. FRANCIS was the representative of that old-fashioned but frank and genial hospitality, that broad mental sympathy, that genuine patriotism and true social spirit, which characterized New-York before its expanded domain and heterogeneous population deprived it of the individual and unconventional character which distinguished its society in the days of Alexander Hamilton, when Irving was a truant urchin on the banks of the Hudson, when Jarvis began to paint, and the elder Mason to preach. He retained the costume, the manners, the public spirit, and above all, the social benevolence and fiscal integrity that marked the American gentleman of that day. In this regard alone his presence and influence were attractive and valuable to all who shared his love of old land-marks, and recognized the conservative charm of sterling qualities. But as a professional man, he had become an oracle in many households — some of which now mourn him as a friend, bequeathed as it were from sire to son: while the great

charities of the State and City, the literary institutions, the men of letters, the artists, the printers, the actors, the clergy, all benign and gifted patriotic and renowned people and objects, are bereft by his decease of one ever ready to aid, encourage and advocate their claims.

A more widely representative-funeral never occurred in this city than that of Dr. FRANCIS : rich and poor, *savan* and mechanic, physician and author, merchant and printer, the actor and the preacher, the statesman and the apprentice, one and all, gathered tearfully around his coffin, and gazed affectionately upon the face which had so long turned benignantly upon them. Among the prominent scientific bodies in attendance were the faculties of the various Medical Colleges, the members of the Academy of Medicine, the Typographical Union, the Historical Society, and members of various literary and charitable associations. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers :

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN,	Gen. GEO. P. MORRIS,
WM. JEPHSON,	MOSES H. GRINNELL,
JOSEPH G. COGGSWELL,	AUGUSTUS FLEMMING,
HENRY GRINNELL,	President CHARLES KING,
GEORGE B. RAPELYEA,	Rev. G. W. BETHUNE.

PHYSICIANS — Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Dr. WM. H. VAN BUREN, Dr. R. S. KISSAM.

The services at the Church were of the Episcopal form, and were conducted by Rev. Dr. HAWKS, assisted by Rev. Dr. MORGAN of St. Thomas' Church, Rev. Dr. WELLS of Boston, and Rev. Dr. CUTLER of Brooklyn.

A brief eulogistic discourse was delivered by Dr. Cutler, in which the varied intellectual attainments, private and professional virtues, and charitable impulses and acts of the deceased, were feelingly alluded to. At the close of the services the remains were accompanied to Greenwood Cemetery by a large number of the friends of the deceased, and there placed in the family vault.

Both time and space forbid the elaborate memoir which we should like to give the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER : we presume such a tribute will hereafter be prepared by a competent hand. We would refer to a sketch in our last volume, and another which appeared two years ago, for some traits and anecdotes ; and also to the memoir in the National Gallery ; an article in the *Southern Review*, ten years ago, by Wm. A. Jones ; a brief biographical notice, in the '*Men of the Time*,' published by Redfield, and one still more full and recent, in Appleton's New American Cyclopaedia. Meantime, we copy from the *New-York Daily Times* of February eleventh the following estimate of our venerable friend, from the pen of one who knew and loved him well—HENRY T. TUCKERMAN :

At a few minutes before three o'clock on Friday morning, February eighth, Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS expired. For nine weeks he had been stretched on a bed of suffering. This unprecedented lapse of his usual professional activity and social enjoyment had in no small degree weaned him from that strong interest in life which was a peculiar trait of his character; and great physical pain had subdued the vivacity, while it failed to impair the clearness of his mind. Accordingly, there were times when he contemplated death with calmness as a desirable release; and on more than one occasion he expressed his entire resignation to the will of God: at other times he rallied and indulged hopes of recovery — hopes which his physicians, family and friends earnestly shared. The case was a peculiar one — a prolonged nervous disturbance that interfered with sleep, seriously lessened the assimilative process of the constitution, and a crisis resulting from poverty of blood; an enormous carbuncle on the back, gradually impaired the vital force; the process of healing commenced and progressed favorably, but too late. The original trouble was complicated with another serious drain upon the patient's strength, and frequent attacks of exhaustion and collapse at length ended fatally. Dr. FRANCIS died in the full possession of his faculties, and without pain. He spoke words of affection and of faith, and expired surrounded by those most dear to him; and so perfectly conscious that his last hour had arrived, that he announced it distinctly and emphatically but a few moments before his departure. He has never been the same man since the loss of his eldest son, an event which occurred six years ago, and deprived him of the seasonable respite he proposed to himself, in resigning some of his professional cares to the inheritor of his talents and his tastes. Eminently blessed, however, in his remaining children, he lived to see them fulfil the best promise of their youth, and to experience their filial devotion in his lingering illness. To them and their widowed mother words of human consolation are unavailing.

We are unwilling to let the mere record of technical honors and professional services alone signalize, in our columns, the decease of so useful, honorable and gifted a citizen as Dr. FRANCIS. We feel that in many respects he stood alone, and represented a social interest and a phase of American character, of which few types remain. It seems to us hardly appropriate, when the hearts of friends and kindred are bleeding, to entertain our readers with the numerous salient anecdotes that occur to our memory as we think of our friend as the personification of kindly fellowship and genial humor; but having had occasion to know of his sacrifices and services in the great battle of life — having been admitted to his confidence in the hour of earnest self-communion and heart-rending grief — and having had frequent experience of his affectionate ministry in suffering, and candid zeal in the offices of friendship — we prefer, in this hour of sorrow,

to dwell upon his latent and permanent, rather than his incidental and superficial traits.

Although he had reached an age and wore an aspect which fully justified the term *venerable*, so varied and sympathetic were his relations to life — so vivacious was his temperament and ready his mind, that it was difficult to associate the idea of age with his presence. Many men comparatively young in years, were vastly older in feeling: and on this account he inspired the youthful with personal attachment quite as much as his contemporaries. The secret of his freshness of heart is to be found in a certain disinterested sympathy with life and literature, with the past and the present, whereby the incrustations of selfishness were avoided. He had a genuine public spirit, such as distinguished our early race of statesmen; he loved his country, he loved knowledge, he loved eminent men — his native city, institutions, characters and places — with the ardent feelings of an enthusiast and the loyalty of a faithful citizen. It was this going out of a limited personal sphere — this identification of himself with what he admired and loved, that kept him morally alive to the last, and endeared him to so many friends of widely different stations and pursuits. While men of letters sought encouragement in their lonely and often profitless toils from his active beneficence and warm praise, the ignorant and the poor blessed him as a kind healer of their infirmities. In our age of material prosperity and self-absorption, this generous and genial type of character has become rare. In his social life, especially, Dr. FRANCIS manifested broad and beneficent affinities. His circle of friends embraced such pioneers in American literature as Richard H. Dana, Robert Walsh and Jared Sparks; while he idolized Henry Clay, was a favorite companion of Webster, and was equally prompt to cheer Dr. Kane in his brave emprise, assist at a Printer's festival, hunt up facts for an historical inquirer, compare notes with a foreign visitor, help a poor artist, or attend the death-bed of a gifted and unfortunate actor. There was not a profession or a class in which Dr. FRANCIS had not warm friends. His clerical associates were as constant as those of his own profession; while the number of authors, artists and mechanics who owe their lives to his gratuitous skill, is incredible. This practical benevolence and intellectual sympathy, were no less characteristic of the man than his genial humor and extraordinary memory. He never forgot an interview with any person of marked character or eminent gifts; accordingly personal anecdote flowed in a rich stream from his lips. He could give living portraits of the famous preachers, physicians, editors and lawyers of this Metropolis. His account of Scott and the widow of Burns, of Abernethy and Kean, of Dr. Mason and Tom Paine, of Burr and Christopher Colles, whether in talk or in writing, are memorable. He went to school with Irving, and ac-



accompanied Leslie to the *soirées* of Sir Joseph Banks, in London; he cherished vivid reminiscences of Cuvier, Denon and Gall; he was a life-long friend of Fenimore Cooper, befriended Dunlap, attended Col. Trumbull, heard Gouverneur Morris in his latest conversations, and was intimate with Freneau and Dr. Mitchell; he sought out the botanist Bartram, and revered Franklin's memory—having collected many unfamiliar facts of his career. For genius and worth he reserved his best sympathy—caring nothing for luxury, show or riches. He believed a life of letters or the pursuit of art or science the most beautiful and desirable career. Abroad, he visited Cowper's rural retreat as a shrine, and at home he sustained the cause of Fulton and gloried in the muse of Halleck. The society of an intellectual friend, the comfort of domestic love, the acquisition of a memorial of genius, the advancement of a patriotic or charitable, a scientific or a literary cause, were to him the great privileges and charms of life. He, indeed, as has been often said, was a representative man, whose rectitude and public spirit, whose kindliness and respect for talent and knowledge, vindicate the superior tone of mind and principles of action which belonged to our community, before luxury, pretension and audacious self-assertion had encroached upon the old-school ideas of honor, reverence and heartiness.

The costume, manners and popularity of Dr. FRANCIS, his active habits of life, the vast number of his acquaintances, and the hospitable attraction of his house, combined to individualize and enhance these traits and qualities. Under a facetious manner he concealed a pensive and thoughtful nature; beneath a lively and off-handed address he kept a heart 'open as day to melting charity.' There was a German *bonhomie* and many-sided nature blended in his character with rare probity and guileless faith. New-York has lost in him a loyal son, than whom no living citizen took a more intelligent pride in her growth, history and character; the medical profession is deprived, not only of a distinguished member, but of an original and endeared character; while society mourns one of its most congenial and accomplished members. To the kindred and personal friends this bereavement is one to cast a shadow over the future; for with his life is eclipsed to them a source of happiness no other relation or companionship can ever yield.

Several errors have crept into the hasty notices which have appeared since his decease. No surgical operation, properly speaking, was performed during his last illness, nor was his death, in any manner, to be ascribed to such a cause. He was not a member of Calvary Church, although an intimate personal friend of its rector, Dr. Hawks. The degree of LL.D. was originally conferred on him by Columbia College. We believe the follow-

ing (from 'Appleton's New American Cyclopaedia') to be a correct list of the offices and honors conferred upon him, and of his literary productions. To the former, however, should be added two which he received during his last illness, namely, that of Honorary President of the Bellevue Medical Board, and President of the New-York State Inebriate Asylum :

He was graduated A.B. in 1809, and M.D. by the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1811, being the first person upon whom a degree was conferred by the latter institution. A few months afterward Dr. Hosack offered his young pupil a partnership, and the connection thus formed, extending not merely to professional, but also to literary and other pursuits, lasted until 1820. In 1810, while yet a student, he issued, in conjunction with Dr. Hosack, the prospectus of the 'American Medical and Philosophical Register,' which was published quarterly and continued for four years. In 1813 Dr. FRANCIS was appointed Lecturer on the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and soon afterward, the Medical Faculty of Columbia College having been consolidated with that institution, he received the chair of Materia Medica in the united body. He would accept no fees for his first course of lectures, fearing lest the increased expenses of the new establishment might exclude some who wished to attend the full course. He contributed to 'Rees' Cyclopaedia' while abroad. On his return to New-York, the Chair of Materia Medica having been added to that of Chemistry, he became Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, and in 1817 succeeded Dr. Stringham as Professor of Medical Jurisprudence. In 1819 he was made Professor of Obstetrics, in addition to his other duties, and retained this appointment until 1826, when the whole faculty resigned, and a majority of them founded the Rutgers Medical School, which after a successful career of only four terms was closed by the Legislature. In this institution Dr. FRANCIS filled the Chairs of Obstetrics and Forensic Medicine. Since his retirement from this post, he has devoted himself to the practice of his profession, and the pursuit of literature, neither of which, indeed, he had allowed his academical duties to interrupt. In conjunction with Drs. Beck and Dyckman, he edited, in 1822, 1833 and 1834, the New-York *Medical and Physical Journal*. He actively promoted the objects of the New-York Historical Society, the Woman's Hospital, the State Inebriate Asylum, and the cause of natural history, the typographical guild, and the fine arts, in behalf of which he has frequently written and spoken. In addition to biographical sketches of many of the distinguished men of the last half-century, with whom he had been in intimate relationship, (among others, of Robert R. Livingston, Philip Freneau, Daniel Webster, J. Fenimore Cooper, Cadwallader Colden, Samuel L. Mitchill, Edward Miller, John Pintard, and the actors, Cooke and Kean,) and articles in different medical periodicals on obstetrics, vitriolic emetics in croup, *sanguinaria Canadensis*, iodine, the goitre of Western New-York and Canada, on medical jurisprudence, yellow-fever, death by lightning, caries of the jaws of children, elaterium, ovarian disease, etc., he has published an essay on the 'Use of Mercury,' (8vo, New-York, 1811;) 'Cases of Morbid Anatomy,' (4to, 1814;) 'Febrile Contagion,' (8vo, 1816;) a 'Notice of Thomas Eddy, the Philanthropist,' (12mo, 1823;) 'Denman's Practice of Midwifery, with Notes,' (8vo, 1825;) 'Address before the New-York Horticultural Society,' (1830;) 'Address before the Philolexian Society,' (1831;) 'Letter on Cholera Asphyxia of 1832,' (8vo, 1832;) 'Observations on the Mineral Waters of Avon,' (1834;) the 'Anatomy of Drunkenness;' 'Discourse before the New-York Lyceum of Natural History,' (1841;)

Discourses before the New-York Academy of Medicine, (1847, 1848 and 1849;) Addresses before the Typographical Society of New-York, 'On Dr. Franklin,' (1850 and 1859,) and 'On the Publishers, Printers and Editors of New-York;' 'Old New-York, or Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years,' (8vo, 1858; second edition, enlarged, 12mo, 1858.) A memoir of Christopher Colles, read by him before the Historical Society in 1854, was published in the KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY in 1855. His discourse at the Bellevue Hospital, 1858, embraces a minute view of the progress of anatomical investigation in New-York, from its early state under the Dutch dynasty, down to the present time. He was elected the first President of the New-York Academy of Medicine, after its organization in 1847. He was a foreign associate of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, and other institutions abroad, and in fellowship with many scientific bodies in his native land. In 1850, he received the degree of LL.D. from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut.'

Such a programme indicates no ordinary scope of action and influence. It covers also a period during which New-York has developed into a cosmopolitan mart and metropolis, the earlier local traits whereof no one knew better, or narrated with more zest, than Dr. FRANCIS.

Born on the seventeenth of November, 1789, the son of a German, of Swiss ancestry on the mother's side, in his youth apprenticed, like Franklin, to a printer, and subsequently prepared for his academic studies by two clever graduates of Trinity College, Dublin, he left Columbia College to enter the office and become the partner of the celebrated Dr. Hosack. Thenceforth his studies, observation and social intercourse were alike universal and active, and his sympathies were as wide as his taste was catholic. Too free and human in thought and sentiment to be a sectarian in any sense of the word, he was strong in argument and conviction on points of medical opinion or literary attachment; he loved and lauded writers who are now but seldom appreciated; he could listen, like a philosopher, to the fanatical confidences of Genet, while he promoted, like a Christian gentleman, the derided claims of an unpopular but meritorious cause, party or individual; he could laugh heartily at the comic talent of Matthews, and be excited to enthusiasm by the brilliant compositions of Mozart and Rossini; he delighted in the serene and benign circle of Dr. Aiken and Gilbert Wakefield, while he entered heartily into the Canal policy of Clinton, and discussed philosophy with Brewster, art with Greenough, and 'Old New-York' with Mr. Valentine or Major Rapelye. There was something liberal and cheering in the personal magnetism of one characterized by such broad views and versatile appreciation; and in the memory thereof, how much will remain that shall be equally permanent and precious!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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LIFE IN THE OLD WORLD: OR TWO YEARS IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. In two Volumes. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON AND BRO.

THERE is immense potency in a genuine and earnest nature. Miss BREMER possesses it, and it gives to a very plain woman, of no more than ordinary capacity, an influence and a fascination which is not always gained by beauty and intellect combined. We have on our table two volumes about localities which have been described over and over again, and on subjects the most trite and hackneyed. Yet the author has managed to present us with a really interesting work, which will amply repay perusal. First, and we name it as an eminent negative excellence, although Miss BREMER has obtained considerable distinction, and although this work is published in the form of a diary, which makes the frequent use of the first personal pronoun a necessity, we find throughout an utter absence of that egotistical vanity which mars the pages of most of our lady-authors who write books of travel — not to say of the men as well — and which displeases us, when we might enjoy what really otherwise would be an interesting and entertaining narrative. Witness the Diary of Lady MORGAN, for example, where in the descriptions of the most distinguished personages in Europe, we find her ladyship always the chief *figurante*, either as the marked recipient of extraordinary attentions, or as conferring extraordinary happiness by her presence and her smiles. We might come nearer home, and administer rebuke to some of our own country-women, who have lately been writing histories of their European tour, for no other object it would seem, than to advertise the high repute in which were held their personal attractions, fascinations and charms. But we reserve for something more than an *obiter dictum*, the consideration of a class of writers to which emphatically Miss BREMER does *not* belong.

Our author during two years (from 1856 to 1858) spent in Switzerland and Italy, has given us a happy mixture, in which are described scenery, every-day life, incidents of travel, interviews with distinguished people, and so forth. In these, she always places her *subject* in the fore-ground, and not herself. What is said or narrated by Miss BREMER, is said and narrated with conscience. So that we read her account of the Lake of Geneva, the Alps, Rome, Naples, Vesuvius, (of which we have read a thousand-and-one times,) with a degree of pleasure that we can only explain in this way. The volumes are most enter-

taining in their descriptions of individuals, high and low. Of these, the most interesting are that of a meeting with CAVOUR, and of an interview with the POPE. We have room only to transcribe the concluding portion of the latter. It is put in the form of a dialogue :

‘THE POPE : ‘Very good. I will tell you something. Pray ! pray for light from the LORD—for grace to acknowledge the truth ; because this is the only means of attaining to it. Controversy will do no good. In controversy is pride and self-love. People in controversy make a parade of their knowledge—of their acuteness—and after all, every one continues to hold his own views. Prayer alone gives light and strength for the acquirement of the truth and of grace. Pray every day ; every night before you go to rest ; and I hope that grace and light may be given to you : for God wishes that we should humble ourselves, and He gives His grace to the humble. And now, God bless and keep you, for time and eternity !’

Such are the words addressed by Pio Nono to his Protestant visitor. They breathe a spirit tolerant and Christian, with no admixture of bigotry.

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COURSE OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY : Arranged with Special Reference to Convenience of Recitation. By A. J. SCHMIDT, D.D., Professor in Columbia College. New-York : D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

HARPERS’ CLASSICAL LIBRARY :

- I. The Odyssey of HOMER with the Hymns ; Epigrams and Battle of the Frogs and Mice. Literally Translated with Explanatory Notes. By THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, B.A., of Christ Church.
- II. CICERO on Oratory and Orators. Translated and Edited by J. S. WATSON.

HARPERS’ GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS :

- I. Aeschylus. Ex Novissima Recensione FREDERICI A. PELEY.
- II. Herodotus. Volumes I. and II. Recensuit JOSEPHUS WILLIAMS BLAKESLEY, S.T.B., Coll. SS. Trin. Apud Cantabr. Quondam Socius.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, New-York, not only from the immense labors of Dr. ANTHON in the elucidation of the ancient classics, and the great number of very valuable commentaries published by him, embracing almost the entire range of golden-age Latin and Greek authors, but from the system of instruction there pursued, has for many years been considered the highest authority in our country on these matters.

A sufficient guarantee for the accuracy and adaptedness of the first work on the above list, will be found in the fact, that it proceeds from one of the learned professors in that institution, and that it is used therein. The preparation of it was suggested by a necessity which has been long experienced by teachers in the want of a convenient and reliable text-book on the somewhat obscure subject of Ancient Geography, reduced within suitable limits, and adapted to the purpose of recitation in classes.

Dr. SCHMIDT is acknowledged to have succeeded in supplying this want, by judiciously selecting from large and elaborate works, like that of Dr. ANTHON, and by a collation of the best accessible authorities, at the same time breaking up the matter into questions, to the great convenience of the teacher.

With regard to the general arrangement of the work, which is undeniably peculiar, we shall permit the author to speak for himself : ‘The volume opens with a short chapter, presenting a succinct account of the knowledge of geo-

graphy, possessed by the ancients at different periods, and of the gradual extension of their acquaintance with the inhabited world. Then taking up Europe, it first describes Greece in pretty ample detail, and afterward Italy in the same manner. Proceeding next to Asia, it gives a full account of Asia Minor. This constitutes what may be properly termed Classical Geography—that portion of Ancient Geography which the student most, and most constantly, needs in his classical reading. And to present all that is essential and important in this, is the main design of the present work. This part of his task accomplished, the writer retraces his steps, returns to Europe, then to Asia, and lastly proceeds to Africa, and gives a far less copious account of what the ancients knew of the remaining parts of the former two continents, and of the northern portion of Africa; an account, however, which contains, as he believes, details amply sufficient for the recitation-room, and for the student of ancient history. In adopting this arrangement, which really seems the most natural in a work of this kind, and is based upon a relative importance of the countries described, the advice of a number of distinguished instructors has been taken. All who were consulted agreed unanimously in its appropriateness, not only in a general point of view, but especially as respects the wants and convenience of the recitation-room.'

We observe that the quantity of syllables in ancient names is accurately marked, a feature highly to be approved in this most excellent text-book.

HARPER, in continuation of his new classical library of literal translations, has just issued in excellent style, the 'Odyssey' translated with explanatory notes, by THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, B.A., of Christ Church; also the Hymns and Minor Poems, now for the first time literally translated, completing all that has been attributed to HOMER. The frequent quotations from the brilliant paraphrases of CHAPMAN, CONGREVE, and SHELLEY, the editor thinks cannot fail to prove interesting to the general reader. A translation of the 'Life of HOMER,' attributed whether falsely or not to HERODOTUS, being the earliest memoir of the supposed author of the 'Iliad' we possess, and as such meriting translation, is also affixed. As the direction of an intense scholarship to the old classic poets has of late years shed much additional light upon them, and something more was demanded than the standard metrical versions, the volumes of the Classical Library, as now freshly revised and re-translated, will prove welcome.

HARPER'S 'Latin and Greek Texts,' a pocket edition, with flexible covers, and with red-edged leaves, are truly exquisite issues, which all scholars will be proud to possess, as they will be treasured, we think, on both sides of the Atlantic as well-cherished mementoes of our distinguished Press. The HARPERs are doing good service in the publication of such works in such style, which by their moderate price are within the reach of almost every one, and we regret that it is our province, only in such general terms to express our admiration. We have before us 'Æschylus' and 'Herodotus,' in two volumes, which last in its present form, would have been warmly welcomed, were he now living, by Dr. ARNOLD, that dear lover of the old story-teller, as well as successful imitator of his historic Greek.



THE HEROES OF EUROPE: a Biographical Outline of European History, from the year 700 to the year 1700. By HENRY G. HEWLETT. In one Volume: pp. 370. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

It is 'better late than never' to call the attention of our readers to a work which will be likely both to entertain and instruct them: the book under notice we feel sure will do each of these things. Let us now and then be willing to get out of this 'dim, ignorant PRESENT,' (a good deal of a mistake 'in this statement,' by the way, whoever made it;) look upon the ancient heroes; trace their various great deeds; and 'call to mind what is of them become.' The study of such 'heroes' as are here represented should be regarded, and *will* be regarded, as a study of 'great *exemplars*,' each in his kind. The work, it is frankly admitted, was suggested by, and was intended as a companion to, EDGAR'S '*Heroes of England*,' a book which has attained a wide celebrity, and a very extended reputation abroad. The plan and scope of the two volumes, however, are materially different; the former being confined to the biographies of 'those heroes who, against the enemies of their country, have fought the battles of England at sea and on the land;' while the present gives a wider meaning to the word 'Hero,' and furnishes a biographical outline of European history, from the eighth to the eighteenth century. The author, or rather compiler and condenser, (for there is but a small amount of originality in the book,) claims to have been influenced in his selections of heroes less by a consideration of their personal eminence than of their representative value. Particular epochs, movements, and episodes, are thus illustrated in a single sketch, and threads of connection preserved throughout the series. We are glad to remark, that explanations of technical terms, and translations of foreign words, have been carefully supplied. Of all modern follies, that of interpolating foreign phrases and sentences into our noble English tongue, is one of the most ridiculous. The story of WILLIAM TELL has been made known to the theatre-going world, but not exactly in the unvarnished, sententious way in which the old chroniclers tell it. TELL, having refused to do homage to the 'ducal hat,' set upon a pole in the market-place, is summoned before the Governor. If the 'ancient tale says sooth,' there is something here of the proverbial 'discrepance of history:'

'ORDERING TELL's children to be sent for, the Governor asked which of them was most dear to the father. TELL replied that they were all alike dear to him; upon which GESSLER selected a boy of six years old, placed him at several paces distant from the group, in an open space of ground, set an apple on his head, and thus accosted the astonished father:

"TELL, I hear that you are a marksman good and true. You shall prove it before me, by shooting that apple off the head of your child! Be careful to strike the apple; for should your first shot miss, it shall cost you your life!"

"For the sake of God, Sir, I entreat you to spare me this trial!" cried the horror-struck TELL. "Consider how unnatural it were to shoot at my own dear son!"

"The reply of the Governor was brief and stern:

"Unless you shoot the apple, you or your child shall die!"

"TELL turned from the cold eyes and hard lips of the merciless man to the unseen presence of a merciful God, whom he implored to give his hand firmness in this dreadful moment. Taking up his cross-bow, and fixing one arrow in it, he placed another behind in his collar; and then drawing a long breath, took his aim and shot. The arrow cleft the apple through the core, and the child's head was untouched. GESSLER was amazed at this feat of skill, on which he had not reckoned, and did not withhold his applause, but suddenly turned to TELL with the question:



‘Why did you place that other arrow in your collar?’

TELL evaded the question at first, but on receiving a promise that his life should be spared, answered:

‘My lord, I will tell you the truth. Had I struck my child with one arrow, I would not have missed you with the other.’

Enraged at this daring speech, GESSLER ordered his servants to seize and bind so dangerous a rebel; whom, though pledged to save alive, he vowed to punish with perpetual imprisonment. TELL was accordingly handcuffed, and led to Fluellen, a village still standing at the head of the beautiful Waldstädten, or Lake of Lucerne. Here a boat awaited him, and the Governor entered, accompanied by a small party of servants. Some of them guarded the prisoner, while the others managed the vessel; which was steered for Brunnen, on the Schwyz coast of the lake. From thence the Governor proposed taking TELL to the Castle of Küssnacht, where a dungeon was to be his doom for life.

‘It was a stormy winter’s day, and the clouds hung heavily over the steep brow of the Righi, and the jagged peaks of that wild range of mountains which the Swiss have named Mount Pilate, from a legend that, in one of its desolate tarns, the deposed procurator of Judæa, and remorseful judge of the Saviour, perished by self-murder. The blue waters of the lake were now darkened, and heaving with the violence of the wind; and when the boat reached Achsen, where the coast-line curves, the storm was at such a height that the crew became terrified. TELL all this time—a strong and good steersman—was lying useless, with his hands bound. One of GESSLER’s servants at last ventured to ask the Governor’s permission to make use of TELL’s assistance, considering the peril in which all were placed. GESSLER, who was in great terror of drowning, readily consented; promising TELL his release if he succeeded in saving him. The fetters being removed, TELL hastened to the helm, keeping an eye on his cross-bow, which was lying near, while he skilfully steered the vessel round the corner of Achsen. He soon reached a spot where a ledge of rock projected into the lake, affording a good landing-place. Calling to the crew to be careful of the vessel in this dangerous locality, he steered straight for the rock, drove the vessel against it, seized his cross-bow, and leaped ashore. Then with a vigorous exertion of his sturdy arm, he pushed off the vessel into the lake, and left it tossing in the waves, while he swiftly ran across the Canton to a steep bank overhanging the road from Brunnen to Küssnacht, along which he knew that the Governor must pass. Meantime, after a perilous buffet with the storm, GESSLER and his servants, full of wrath against TELL, reached Brunnen, and took horses for the castle. The cavalcade passed the spot of TELL’s concealment, as he expected, who, watching his opportunity, while GESSLER was in the act of devising schemes for the capture of the fugitive, once more drew the cross-bow, and an avenging arrow pierced the Governor’s heart. TELL made good his escape forthwith.’

Illustrated by several wood-engravings, of various merit, and well printed.

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ELSIE VENNER: A ROMANCE OF DESTINY. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. In two Volumes: pp. 600. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE reader of these two handsome volumes will find ‘*The Professor’s Story*’ even more interesting in its completed state, and under its new title, than when it appeared piece-meal in the pages of ‘*The Atlantic Monthly*.’ We had not read it in its ‘entirety’ until now: and without the requisite space to give the ‘reason for the faith which is within us,’ we may nevertheless say, that we have seen nothing from Dr. HOLMES’ pen which promised so well to enhance his far-extended yet increasing reputation. ‘ELSIE VENNER’ is a singular story, with a heroine whose idiosyncrasy is remarkable, and a number of surrounding characters all fairly brought out. Even when the writer makes some of his personages talk about philosophy and religion, he contrives not to weary the reader. The characters are decidedly individualized, but toned down so as not to present harsh or too bold outlines.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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INTERMINGLED NOTES OF KNICKERBOCKER EDITORIAL NARRATIVE AND CORRESPONDENCE.— We have just come across two unimportant notes among our reserved Letters of the Past, from two former friends and correspondents, each eminent in his particular sphere, although the sphere of each was widely different. Both have long been gone from the earth ; but the sight of their handwriting has brought each of them vividly before us, precisely as they 'lived and moved and had their being' among us. Let us begin our brief reminiscence, (for to that our crowded pages must confine our present 'Intermingled Notes,') by first recalling some *Recollections of the Rev. Henry B. Bascom, of the Methodist Church*. Accompanying a communication for the KNICKERBOCKER, was a brief note to the EDITOR, written in February, 1830, which has 'opened the flood-gates of Memory,' and brought back the eloquent BASCOM, in all his lineaments, and with all his wonderful expression, and ineffaceable personal presence, just as we saw and heard him, for the first time in the Greene-street Methodist Church in this city, so many long summers ago : an oppressively hot Sunday ; and yet we stood in the main aisle, which was crowded to the pulpit-stairs, the other aisles and every seat being equally full, without for a moment being aware of the slightest inconvenience. The great ROBERT HALL is said to have remarked of JOSEPH BENSON, an eloquent English divine of the Methodist persuasion, that he was 'a tremendous preacher : he was perfectly irresistible.' Such was our impression of BASCOM. If we were asked what it was, over almost every other attribute, which made BASCOM's eloquence so impressive, we should say that it was a profound, over-mastering *earnestness* ; an energy which was overpowering. On the occasion upon which we first heard him, his fame had preceded him ; but of this he seemed unconscious, for he had been accustomed to crowds waiting upon his ministrations. When the second hymn was concluded — and it was sung by the whole congregation to one of those sweet, plaintive tunes, so characteristic of the devotional music of the Methodists — Mr. BASCOM arose. 'That 'first appeal, which is to the eye,' was greatly in his favor. His person had a commanding presence, and as well in this particular, as in the firm, compressed mouth, the ample brow, and large, searching black eyes, he bore a very striking resemblance to DANIEL WEBSTER. The expression of his countenance was thoughtful and impressive :

— 'DEEP on his front engraven,  
Deliberation sat, and public care ; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night,  
Or summer's noon-tide air.'

Naming his text, in a voice deep but slightly husky, he proceeded, somewhat tamely, as it appeared to us, although systematically, to lay down his premises, array his arguments, and marshal his proofs. While we were yet in 'a state of dubiety' whether or no his audience were not to be treated to a merely nebulous disquisition, of no particular merit, and asking, mentally, whether *this* could be the man whom HENRY CLAY had pronounced the greatest natural orator he had ever heard, a brilliant thought, wreaked upon eloquent and original expression, enchained our attention; and thenceforward, to the close of the discourse, we wist not that we were occupying a narrow spot in the middle of a crowded aisle — 'cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in' — with the thermometer at ninety. When once fully engrossed with his subject, (the progress and effects of the Christian faith, and the arguments in favor of its promulgation,) every eye in the congregation was upon the speaker, and each heart beat quicker, as the glowing thoughts dropped from his tongue. His similes were vivid and striking, to a degree; his impressions of nature, and the comparisons which he drew from her external aspects, were not minute and in detail. They were upon a noble scale — taking in whole continents and seas. Such was the character of that portion of his discourse, wherein he spake of the past ages, to whom the great volume of nature was a sealed book; who saw no God in the works of his hand; who could read the starry rhythm of the heavens, survey the towering mountains, the rivers sweeping to the main; who could hear the roar of the great ocean, and the far-sounding cataract, and see in all these no evidences of the Power who spake, and they existed. He was scarcely less effective, in describing the origin and spread of the Christian faith. The good seed had been sown, and for eighteen hundred years it had, in one way or another, been producing fruit. The germ expanded, and the tree had arisen and spread, until the nations of the world sat under its branches. Efforts had often been made to root it out, and to destroy it. The lightnings of persecution had scathed it — the axe of the wicked had sought to lop its boughs — the wild boar of the forest had whetted its tusk against its time-worn trunk — yet still, in living green, it spread its inviting arms abroad, every where over-shadowing evil with good. Kingdom after kingdom had arisen, flourished and fallen. The wrecks of dead empires — the long labors of emperors and kings, of principalities and powers — had passed away on that deluge-flood of earthly grandeur, ever rolling onward to the ocean of eternity; yet still afar widened the blessings of Christianity. Like the beams of the sun, each ray had radiated in separate streams of light; but they were soon swallowed up in one glad effulgence, blessing all upon whom it fell, even as the common light of heaven.

These remembrances can afford the reader little save a faint idea of the general character of one or two of his positions and illustrations. The nervous style, the appropriate gesture, the beaming eye, may be imagined, but must have been seen to be realized. The very hesitation, which he occasionally manifested, in making a selection from thoughts which were pressing for utterance, was in itself an essential feature of eloquence; for when the key-word unlocked the treasure, the intellectual flood rolled on with a resistless force, the greater from having been pent up and kept back; while the speaker's language illustrated and adorned his thoughts, as light, streaming through colored glass, heightens

the object it falls upon. Such were our impressions of the pulpit efforts of Mr. BASCOM; and we believe them to be faithful counterparts of those entertained by all who heard the discourse to which we have alluded.

We 'noised abroad' our impression of this eloquent discourse; and as he was to preach the next Sunday at the Tabernacle in Broadway, we induced our friend and next-door neighbor, the present Editor of the *New-York Daily Times*, to accompany us to hear him. We were kindly ushered in at a private side-door, and found the vast space within, above and below, and back of the pulpit in the choir, crowded to repletion; so much so, in fact, that when Mr. BASCOM came in, it was with the utmost difficulty that the preacher was enabled to reach the sacred desk. We were exceedingly disappointed with the sermon which Mr. BASCOM preached upon this occasion. He was placed before that immense auditory as a clerical 'Lion of the West;' and it was but too apparent that the preacher felt himself as occupying a place at the bar of popular criticism; and the consequence was, a decided failure, as compared with the previous effort, which had given him such an immediate metropolitan fame. He labored hard; the perspiration rolled from his broad, noble brow; but the inspiration which seemed to inform his previous discourse was altogether wanting. We inferred from this that as a pulpit-orator, Mr. BASCOM was very unequal. Indeed, we cannot help thinking, that he had his 'moods;' and that while at one time his 'whole soul went forth from his lips,' like BENSON's, at others his spirit 'struggled for utterance.' He was our honored guest at dinner, we remember, the day before he was married: and our friend and correspondent, Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT of Washington, who was present, will bear us witness, that it was difficult for himself, (the pleasantest of *raconteurs*,) with 'Dame KNICK' to second him, to rally the eloquent divine from his state of semi-despondency. He *did* laugh once, however, when we said to him that we were *glad* he was going to be married: adding, that we did n't know why we should say so, either, since he had never done us any injury, to our knowledge. The following note, now before us, accompanied '*Impressions of the Falls of Niagara, by Rev. H. B. Bascom,*' which appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER just twenty-two years ago:

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.:

'MY DEAR SIR: In complying with your request, to furnish you with the following letter, for publication in the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, I must claim the protection of one of the most indulgent canons of criticism; that which suggests, that every production, claiming to be a mere revelation of personal impression and private feeling, should be judged of mainly in view of the mind's peculiar state, in giving it birth. The annexed sketch, except the last paragraph, was written upon an angle of 'Table Rock,' at the instance, and for the exclusive gratification, of a friend, and without any, the most remote, reference to publication, then or subsequently. It was produced under the influence of high-wrought feeling, and does little more than reveal the heart's mythology, in presence of one of the most fearful manifestations of the power and grandeur of physical nature. If the *feeling* which gave birth to the fragment you have asked for publication, he responded to by the reader, I have nothing to regret, and nothing farther to hope for.

'Very truly and sincerely,

'*New-York, February, 1839.*

H. B. BASCOM.'

This sketch of the Great Cataract partook of the finest characteristics of Mr. BASCOM's style. It was the most graphic, the most powerful description of this great 'Wonder of the World' which we ever read. It was widely copied entire in many of the public journals of this country, as well as in many English publications, with the highest encomiums. We subjoin one or two brief passages from the article in question :

'I HAVE seen, surveyed and communed with the whole! — and awed and bewildered, as if enchanted before the revelation of a mystery, I attempt to write. You ask me in your last for some detailed, veritable account of the Falls, and I should be glad to gratify you: but how shall I essay to paint a scene that so utterly baffles all conception, and renders worse than fruitless every attempt at description? In five minutes after my arrival, on the evening of the fifth, I descended the winding-path from the 'Pavilion,' on the Canadian side, and for the first time in my life, saw this unequalled cascade from 'Table Rock:' the whole indescribable scene, in bold outline, bursting on my view at once. I had heard and read much, and imagined more, of what was before me. I was perfectly familiar with the often-told, the far-travelled story of what I saw; but the overpowering *reality* on which I was gazing, motionless as the rock on which I stood, deprived me of recollection, annihilated all curiosity; and with emotions of sublimity till now unfelt, and all unearthly, the involuntary exclamation escaped me: '*God of Grandeur! what a scene!*'

'But the majesty of the sight, and the interest of the moment, how depict them? The huge amplitude of water, tumbling in foam above, and dashing on, arched and pillared as it glides, until it reaches the precipice of the *chute*, and then, in one vast column, bounding with maddening roar and rush into the depths beneath, presents a spectacle so unutterably appalling, that language falters; words are no longer signs, and I despair giving you any adequate idea of what I saw and felt. Yet this is not all. The eye and the mind necessarily take in other objects, as parts of the grand panorama; forests, cliffs and islands; banks, foam and spray; wood, rock and precipice; dimmed with the rising fog and mist, and obscurely gilded by the softening tints of the rainbow. These all belong to the picture; and the effect of the whole is immeasurably heightened by the noise of the cataract, now reminding you of the reverberations of the heavens in a tempest, and then of the eternal roar of ocean, when angered by the winds!

'The concave bed of rock, from which the water falls some two hundred feet into the almost boundless reservoir beneath, is the section of a circle, which at first sight from Table Rock presents something like the geometrical curve of the rainbow; and the wonders of the grand 'crescent,' thus advantageously thrown upon the eye in combination, and the appropriate sensations and conceptions heightened by the crash and boom of the waters, render the sight more surpassingly sublime than any thing I have ever looked upon or conceived of. As it regards my thoughts and feelings at the time, I can help you to no conception of their character. Overwhelming astonishment was the only bond between thought and thought; and wild, and vague, and boundless, were the associations of the hour! Before me the strength and fulness of the congregated 'lakes of the north' were enthroned and concentrated within a circumference embraced by a single glance of the eye! Here I saw, rolling and dashing at the rate of *twenty-five hundred millions of tons per day*, nearly one half of all the fresh water upon the surface of the globe! On the American side I behold a vast deluge, nine hundred feet in breadth, with a fall of one hundred and eighty or ninety, met fifty feet above the level of the gulf by a huge projection of rock, which seems to break the descent and continuity of the flood, only to increase its fierce and overwhelming bound. And turning to the 'crescent,' I saw the mingled rush of foam and tide, dashing with fearful strife

and desperate emulation — four hundred yards of the sheet rough and sparry, and the remaining three hundred a deep sea-like mass of living green — rolling and heaving like a sheet of emerald. Even imagination failed me, and I could think of nothing but ocean let loose from his bed, and seeking a deeper gulf below! The fury of the water at the termination of its fall, combined with the columned strength of the cataract and the deafening thunder of the flood, are at once inconceivable and indescribable. No imagination, however creative, can correspond with the grandeur of the reality. . . . As I leaned over Table Rock, and cast my eye downward upon the billowy turbulence of the angry depth, where the waters were tossing and whirling, coiling and springing with the energy of an earthquake, and a rapidity that almost mocked my vision, I found the scene sufficient to appal a sterner spirit than mine; and I was glad to turn away and relieve my mind by a sight of the surrounding scenery; bays, islands, shores, and forests, every where receding in due perspective. The rainbows of the 'crescent' and American side, which are only visible from the western bank of the Niagara, and in the afternoon, seem to diminish somewhat from the awfulness of the scene and to give it an aspect of rich and mellow grandeur, not unlike the bow of promise, throwing its assuring radiance over the retiring waters of the deluge.'

Touching the other eminent friend and correspondent to whom we alluded in the introduction to the present reminiscential 'screed,' we shall have somewhat to say in our next number.

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?' said a 'south-wester' to a 'down-easter,' who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide-open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. 'Wal,' replied the Yankee, 'he an't wät yeöu may call a *hansum* critter, but he's got a great deal of *openness* when he smiles!' And so, thought we, has a grizzly bear, after reading the startling adventures, and examining the still more startling pictures recorded and contained in the '*Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear-Hunter, of California*,' an illustrated volume from the press of CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE AND COMPANY, Boston; recently published. The announcement of the death of 'Old ADAMS,' not long since, not less than the exhibition of his 'Pacific Museum' in this city, where his famous collection of 'Grizzlys,' and his perfect command over them, attracted the wonder of the public, will give new interest to this auto-biographical history of his strange career. 'Old ADAMS,' as he was called, though he was not an old man when he died, was brought up to the trade of shoemaking: but he had a soul above shoe-soles; and when he was 'out of his time,' threw aside his pegging-awl, and hired himself to a company of show-men as a collector of wild beasts, for which he hunted through the forests of Maine, New-Hampshire, and Vermont, where he captured many panthers, wolves, wild-cats, and the like: but such 'small deer' were not sufficient for his ambition: and following his evident 'mission,' after various failures in various speculations, we find him in the mines of Northern California, where he makes big 'piles' at one time, and loses them at another; until at last he betakes



himself to the 'scarred and rugged shoulders of the Sierra Nevada,' armed and equipped as a mountain hunter: a Kentucky and Tennessee rifle, carrying balls thirty and sixty to the pound, a Colt's Revolver, 'several Bowie-knives,' a few 'tools,' several pairs of blankets, a little clothing; and this was all. The fragrance of the pines, and the freshness and beauty of nature in those mountain-regions, he tells us, were perfectly delightful to him. The mountain air was in his nostrils, the evergreens above, and the eternal rocks around, and he himself seemed to be a part of the vast landscape. Such of our metropolitan readers as may have visited our auto-biographist's collection 'up-town,' know that notwithstanding the admiration which he had for his black and cinnamon bears, his panthers, his wolves, and the like, yet his *affections* were with his beloved 'Grizzlys.' SAMSON, who made the ground of the tent tremble, was a great favorite; nor were 'Lady WASHINGTON,' noble 'BEN FRANKLIN,' and his foster-brother, the 'RAMBLER,' second in his regard. Hence we are not surprised to find that he considers the 'Grizzly Bear' of California and Oregon the 'monarch of American beasts, and in many respects the most formidable animal to be encountered in the world.' He says:

'In comparison with the lion of Africa and the tiger of Asia, though these may exhibit more activity and blood-thirstiness, the grizzly is not second in courage and exceeds them in power. Like the regions which he inhabits, there is a vastness in his strength, which makes him a fit companion for the monster trees and giant rocks of the Sierra, and places him, if not the first, at least in the first rank, of all quadrupeds.

'The lion, celebrated from time immemorial as a noble and generous brute, is, I grant, a splendid animal. When seen in his native wilds, with head erect and black mane floating over mighty shoulders, he presents a magnificent spectacle. When standing at bay also, with eye darting fire, and lashing his tawny sides with fury, he makes a terrific picture. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when animals first became known to literature, impressed with his proud bearing, the fabulists awarded to him his splendid reputation; they clothed him with the attributes of majesty; and few, since then, have ventured to deny his royalty, none to dispute his title of king of beasts. But, pursue him into his lairs, follow him on his mid-night prowls, and you soon detect the sneaking, cat-like qualities, which are born in him, and which must and will exhibit themselves in one mode or another. Before the world, the lion stands noble, magnificent, magnanimous; but in private life, he is rapacious, cruel, ever watchful for advantages, and frequently a feeder on carrion.

'The tiger of India occupies a place in natural history next the lion, and is classed with him among the most powerful and mighty brutes. His path, it is true, is always red with blood, but it is the blood of inferiors; he fears his equals, and flies from those above him. Like a midnight assassin, he creeps through his native jungles, and makes a desolation around him; but his is the might of blood and butchery.

'The grizzly bear of California, in the consciousness of strength and the magnanimity of courage, alone of all animals, stand unappalled in the face of any enemy, and turns not from the sight of man. He may not seek the conflict, but he never flies from it. He may not feed upon royal meat, nor feel the flow of royal blood in his veins; but he is unapproachable, overwhelming. The lion and the tiger are like the desert with its fiery simoons and tornadoes; the grizzly bear of California, like the mountains with their frosts and avalanches.

'This was the animal which ranged, monarch of all he surveyed, on every side of me. I frequently saw him; he was to be found, I knew, in the bushy gorges in all



directions ; and sometimes, in my hunts, I would send a distant shot after him ; but, as a general rule, during this first winter, I paid him the respect to keep out of his way ; and he seemed somewhat ceremonious in return.'

We should like to give some *practical* pictures of the wild hunter's camp-life in the vast, unbroken wilderness-region which he traversed ; but a mere outline-sketch in these three or four brief passages, is all for which we can make room :

'Our camp consisted merely of a convenient spot where wood, water, and herbage were near at hand. There we would unpack our mules, turn them out to graze, and build a large fire, which was seldom allowed to go down. In the day, this fire served for culinary purposes ; at night, for warmth and protection. I slept invariably in my blankets, upon the ground ; never in any house, or within any inclosure, unless the weather was rainy, when a few boughs, disposed into a kind of booth, would constitute all my shelter from the elements. On a few occasions, a blanket was spread to keep off the rain or dampness ; but, as a general rule, my bed was entirely exposed.

'My comrades were accustomed to crowd about the fire, and lie with their feet fairly toasting at the coals. It was my practice, on the contrary, to remove a short distance, and sleep in the dark, so that, in case of attack I might have a better view of intruders, and myself not be seen. My bed consisted of coarse and heavy blankets, with a bag full of dried grass, by way of pillow ; and, as there was always danger of being waked by wild beasts or thieves, my rifle was kept constantly wrapped with me in the blankets, thus protecting from the dew, as well as being always ready for use at an instant's warning. My other weapons were likewise kept about me, ever ready for any occasion of peril which might arise. Nor was my sleep any the more troubled on account of this hard bed, and its liability to disturbance. Rarely did I pass a night that the howls of wolves and coyotes, or the shrieks of panthers, did not lull me to slumber ; but never was my sleep sounder or more refreshing. The active life I led, early rising, a generous flow of animal spirits, and a simple and temperate diet, made my rest at night sweet and grateful, beyond all the capabilities of feather-beds and spring-mattresses.'

'Old ADAMS' was always up before sun-rise, and 'out upon the hunt,' having previously roused his companions, putting one to mule-foddering, another to getting breakfast. Their morning repast was something primitive :

'BREAKFAST consisted, generally, of fresh meat broiled upon the coals, or roasted on spits before the fire ; and we drank only water, except sometimes, when not in a hurry for a hunt, when coffee or tea was made, if we had them ; if we did not have them, roasted acorns or other seeds served as a substitute for coffee, and different sorts of fragrant herbs for tea. A few kettles and pots of civilized manufacture, we used, when necessary for our cooking, but for general purposes Indian utensils. One of these, which was of great service, was a pail made of solid wood, in form like a wash-bowl, with a flat bottom, and capable of holding about two gallons. The natives made it by heating an end of a long stone red-hot, wrapping the other end in bark, so as to hold it in the hands, and grinding and rubbing with it in the wood, until the bowl was burnt out. Bowls and dishes, likewise, they make in the same way, and value highly ; it requiring much time, care, trouble and skill to fashion them.

'As the day was generally spent away from camp, we carried lunch along with us on our excursions, and this consisted of strips of meat dried in the sun. While at work upon a trap or other structure requiring time, we kept a bag of this meat suspended in a tree near the scene of labor, from which we used as required, occasionally

roasting it, to render it more edible and palatable. Fresh meat at camp, and indeed wherever we had it, was invariably swung in trees, being tied to a lariat, which was passed over a limb and hoisted up; it was thus kept out of the reach of prowling beasts until needed, when it was easily lowered.

'Dinner was our chief meal; but the time at which we enjoyed it was irregular, depending upon many circumstances; being sometimes delayed until the middle of the night, though usually taking place shortly after sun-down. This meal rarely wanted an excellent roast, and good drink of its kind; also such cakes and bread as we could make, and many little delicacies which nature threw with lavish hand before us. Plums, cherries, berries of various kinds, small game of all varieties, which the region afforded, and a thousand little titbits which our experience taught, or our ingenuity devised, graced our board at this meal. Frequently have I dined at the Astor House, in New-York, and at first-class hotels in various parts of the Union, and have eaten as splendid dinners as the best cooks in the country ever spread, but for real good relish, give me a camp-dinner in the mountains. A mountain appetite is more savory than the richest dish ever conceived by a French gourmand.'

If ADAMS reached 'camp' in time, after his return from his daily labors, he 'played with his pets' in the evening, spending two or three hours in feeding and training them. If he could have had a brisk elephant or two to lighten up the 'social circle,' the company would have been still more 'select.' But our notice must 'apropinque an end:' leaving the numerous records of bear-capture, and the thousand-and-one perils of the brave huntsman for the unanticipated enjoyment of the reader. Poor 'Old ADAMS' has gone, but his memory lives, and *will* live while energy and intrepid daring are honored among men. He is the 'Grizzly' BOONE of the Rocky Mountains, 'and it will go nigh to be *thought* so, shortly.' Even now, a clever artist, who had 'studied' him, is gathering daguerreotypes and photographs in order to paint a portrait of him; and he is also being 'sculpted' by a rising sculptor. He seems to have had a sad presentiment that he had not long to live. The very last words he writes are these: 'As I come to the end of my book, I cannot but reflect that my life likewise approaches its close. I have looked on death in many forms, and trust that I can meet it whenever it comes with a stout heart and steady nerves. If I could choose, I would wish, since it was my destiny to become a mountaineer and grizzly bear-hunter of California, to finish my career in the Sierra Nevada. There would I fain lie down with the LADY, BEN, and RAMBLER at my side; there, surely, I could find rest through the long future, among the eternal rocks and evergreen pines.' To our mind, there is something very touching in this. - - - AN unknown Brooklyn friend, whose kind words 'us-ward' are cordially cherished, speaking of our 'severed half,' says: 'I *knew* OLLAPOD, although I never saw him. How I have enjoyed his 'Papers,' and still enjoy them! I seem to hear again the rustle of the leaves as I wander through the grand old woods; the careless, happy laugh of boys and girls, as we clamber over the hill-side in search of strawberries; the loud shout, as we boys played 'tag' around the hay-stacks in the meadow; the quick, eager, anxious bark of 'Trip' as he thrust his head under the 'corn-shocks,' as I toppled them over, in search of mice and moles; and if none were found, how earnestly he would look up into my face, his ears and tail erect, and with eyes which seemed to say: 'Let's try another!' — WHY is it, my friend, that while

reading the 'Ollapod Papers,' depicting country scenes, though so many years have fled since the farm-boy left his home, the 'big-lump' will come up in the throat, and my eyes feel as though I had been riding against the wind? Because *then*, life's realities had not grasped me so roughly? Or because I was purer? Or because I believe in the trite old saying, that 'God made the country, but man made the town?' Or *all* of these? But I not only feel that I know you, my 'Gossipy' EDITOR, and him who has 'gone before;' but methinks I have some slight acquaintance with that 'noble array:' ST. LEGER; 'QUOD,' his correspondence; our 'blue-nosed COZZENS'; MACE, the Sloper; and many others; friends, kind friends, all! — How universal was the love of OLLAPOD among all our readers! Read this passage from a recent note of an ancient and dear friend and school-fellow, in the 'Old Onondaga' region:

'My room is furnished with a homely old fire-place, wide and deep, in which there is a yule-log and blazing sticks of seasoned beach and maple, and glowing coals and crackling splinters falling off in little flames. On the sooty chimney-back are circles, large and small, of fiery stars; that we as boys were taught to think were telegrams of storms. In front of all are tall, brazen and-irons, and wire-screen with polished band, on which our little feet grew warm just before we said our prayers and 'laid us down to sleep.' Seated there to-day, I held the pleasant pages of your KNICKERBOCKER, and from the Editor's Table read 'excerpts,' etc., etc. They were a pleasant under-tone of harmony, to the low, distant song of my Soul. I think we are alike, you and I, in the pleasure we derive from our reluctant fondness of recalling scenes and friends departed. There is a pleasant sorrow in it — a 'good solemnity.' It makes a sort of Indian Summer for the Heart. There is a CLAUDE LORRAINE light diffused thereby on all our view of life. I never feel this more, and I think *you* do not, than when your twin-brother WILLIS is remembered. There was something in his life akin to his memory: so that when we remember him, we seem to be *with* him: and when we were with him, seems now as if we were then only remembering him. I do not know that this expresses what I mean, namely, that deep, placid, spiritual tone of feeling, which was the key to his character, and which was ever prompting *interior views of another life*. It appears in those exquisite lines on the death of his wife, from which you quote. How often I dwell upon them! You may be sure they were written under a temporary and partial experience of immortality. He was not all mortal, always, while he lived on the earth. . . . Your extracts from LONGFELLOW's notes of gratulation on the occasion of your wedding, were characteristic and pleasing. They prompted me to turn to the 'KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY,' to read again that beautiful gush of song by HALLECK:

'I've greeted many a bonny bride  
On many a bridal day,' etc.

'Is there any thing in all verse more lark-like, more inimitable by all creatures, except birds of sweetest song?

'HARK! there are songs on summer's breeze,  
And dance and song in summer's trees,  
And choruses of birds and bees.

And borne upon their music's sea  
From wave to wave melodiously,' etc.

'I tell you there is more spontaneous poetry and credentials of genius in that piece than mere verse-writers can comprehend.

'We have sleighing and mild weather, with sun-light and moon-light. Yesterday and to-day, too, we had sun-sets of purple and gold, which, if we could understand their sublime beauty, would reveal the 'new heaven and the new earth.'

J. B. B.'

HEAR also what a friend and correspondent, writing from Franklin (N. H.) says in a very recent letter to the EDITOR: 'When I 'went unwillingly to school,' I spent my holidays in joy with the KNICKERBOCKER. Such company few country boys could boast of; better company no man could wish. Through life I shall remember '*Harry Franco*,' from '*Gimcrack the First*,' (the story of '*POPPY VAN BUSTER*,') to the crack of doom and end of time; JOHN T. IRVING's '*Attorney*' and '*Harry Harson*,' and all of his character-sketches which have appeared since, are *live men*; more real perhaps than if they had really lived and been partly worn away by the world's hard rubs; WASHINGTON IRVING's sketches, too — what was like *them*? The author of '*Wilson Connoth*,' (REV. JOHN N. BELLOW, a brother of REV. HENRY W. BELLOW,) I never knew; but I read that life as if it were to be mine; for I was a boy, and my feelings were like his. God knows the good his story did me! My *best* friend I found in '*OLLAPOD*,' the lamented '*W. G. C.*' Most of all American men was he like '*Gentle ELIA*;' and most of *all* men, like a true-hearted Christian. I never *saw* him; but I always think of him as a dear brother. I have a young friend named after him; I keep and read his writings; and I shall always 'hold his sweet memory in my heart.' Would to God there were more men like him in the world!' - - - MRS. KIRKLAND, we remember, in her book describing life in the interior of Michigan, when it first began to be settled, gives a most amusing description of an 'independent gentleman,' who drove an Englishman and his two daughters in a 'stage,' one windy, rainy, sour November day, over one of the roughest and most unfrequented roads of the whole State. In the midst of the cold storm, a log-house by the way-side is reached: the driver, wet to the skin, jumps off his box, fastens his horses, runs to the house, and 'spreads himself' before the fire. The Englishman lets himself out of the lumbering vehicle, liberates his two daughters, and all follow the driver to the cabin. 'How is this, coachee!' exclaims the astonished 'Britisher: 'in before your passengers! Where are our trunks? Our baggage should be brought in, ye kno'. 'I should say so *too*,' replied the driver: 'if it was *MINE*, I should bring it in, any how!' But the independent servants depicted by the author of '*A New Home*,' are more than exceeded by the exacting 'helps' of our cities, who really now-a-days almost change places with their mistresses: yet there are not wanting similar instances on 'the other side,' if we may judge from the manner in which an eccentric English nobleman was obliged to 'take down' an ambitious 'funkey,' who had applied to him for a footman's situation:

. . . 'DURING breakfast one day, Lord EARDLEY was informed that a person had applied for a footman's place, then vacant. He was ordered into the room; and a double-refined specimen of a *genus* greatly detested by his lordship, made his appearance. The manner of the man was extremely affected and consequential, and it was evident that he determined to lower him a little.

'Well, my good fellow,' said he, 'what, you want a lackey's place, do you?'

'I came about an upper footman's situation, my lord,' said the gentleman, bridding up his head.

'Oh! do ye, *do ye*,' replied Lord EARDLEY; 'I keep no 'upper servants;' all alike, all alike here.'

'Indeed, my lord,' exclaimed this upper footman, with an air of shocked dignity. 'What *department* then am I to consider myself expected to fill?'

‘Department, department!’ quoth my lord in a tone of inquiry.

‘In what *capacity*, my Lord?’

‘My lord repeated the word ‘capacity,’ as if not understanding its application to the present subject.

‘I mean, my lord,’ explained the man, ‘what shall I be expected to do, if I take the *situation*?’

‘Oh! you mean if you take the place. I understand you now,’ rejoined my lord, ‘why, you’re to do every thing but sweep the chimneys and clean the pig-sties, and those *I do myself*!’

The ‘gentleman’ stared, scarcely knowing what to make of this, and seemed to wish himself out of the room: he, however, grinned a ghastly smile, and after a short pause, inquired: ‘What *salary* does your lordship give?’

‘Salary, salary!’ reiterated his incorrigible lordship; ‘do n’t know the word, do n’t know the word, my good man.’

‘Again the gentleman explained: ‘I mean, what wages?’

‘Oh! what, wages,’ echoed my lord; ‘what d’ ye ask, what d’ ye ask?’

TRIP regained his self-possession at this question, which looked like business; and, considering for a few minutes, answered — first stipulating to be found in hair-powder, and (on state occasions) silk stockings, gloves, and bouquets — that he should expect thirty pounds a year.

‘How much! — how much?’ demanded my lord rapidly.

‘Thirty pounds, my lord.’

‘Thirty pounds!’ exclaimed Lord EARDLEY, in affected amazement, ‘make it guineas, and I’ll come and *live with you*!’ then ringing the bell, said to the servant who answered it, ‘Let out this ‘*gentleman*!’ — he’s too good for me:’ and then turning to a visitor, who was much amused, said, as the man made his exit: ‘Conceited, impudent puppy! — soon sent him off, soon sent *him* off!’

In reading this description of a rare ‘specimen’ of the true *genus* ‘FOOTMAN,’ as found in England, we recall the remarks of Mr. WHIFFERS, in ‘Pickwick,’ at a dinner given to ‘The Select Company of Bath Footmen,’ at which Mr. JOHN SMAUKER had invited Mr. SAMUEL WELLER. Late in the evening the astounding intelligence was suddenly ‘sprung’ upon the company, that ‘Mr. WHIFFERS had resigned!’ Mr. WHIFFERS, in rising to respond, remarked: ‘He said he certainly could have wished to have continued to hold the appointment which he had just resigned. The uniform was gay and rich; the females of the family was most agreeable; and the duties was not too heavy; the principal service required of him being, that he should look out of the hall-window as much as possible, in company with another gentleman, who had also resigned:’ *but* he ‘had been required to *eat cold meat*!’ Amid loud cries of ‘Shame, shame!’ he added, that ‘he feared a portion of this outrage might be traced to his own forbearing and accommodating disposition. He had a distinct recollection of having once consented to eat salt butter; and he had, moreover, on occasion of sudden sickness in the house, so far forgotten himself as to carry a coal-scuttle up to the second floor!’ This interesting martyr would have been a good subject for LORD EARDLEY. *He* would have taken the conceit out of him! - - - WHEN the excellent WILLIAM OSBORN printed our beloved Magazine, which he did for many years most faithfully and beautifully, there used to sit, sometimes, an aged man, with a fresh complexion, (but much-out-of-breath, coming up the stairs,) who was proof-reading,

as we were: and the two discrepant 'parties' employed each a desk, the same two desks nearly touching each other. The hum of the 'reader-boy;' the checking of his unconscious 'copy' volubility; the 'Hold-on-a-minute' of the practised *Proof-Reader*, (to whom how *many* writers are indebted for their 'uniform correctness,' and their 'good taste,' in selecting expressive words, and their careful collocation and retention of the *best*!) Well: this aged man was Chancellor KENT, reading the revises of his world-renowned 'Commentaries,' of which HALSTED AND VOORHEES, Nassau-street, near Wall, law-book-sellers, (good KNICKERBOCKERS, both,) were the publishers. Now 'it befel upon a day,' that 'this young man' (the present speaker) was made acquainted, by our common printer, with the revered 'Chancellor.' We had each got through with our work; each one was going in the same direction 'up town:' the great Jurist to his house opposite Union-Square; the small Editor to *his*, in Seventh-street, not 'many leagues away.' It so chanced that we rode up in the same city-car. Sitting side-by-side, we 'conversed.' We sayed the subjoined words to 'the Chancellor:' It has often struck us, (editorial and judicial too, for even a wooden 'bench' is 'we' in law,) that the *Legal Nomenclature* might be abrogated, without detriment either to lawyers themselves, or to the omnipotent PEOPLE, their clients. Why not state, in plain English, what I hear every day read in Latin, in your 'Commentaries?' 'It's all right,' replied the Chancellor, crossing his legs, and standing upright his cane between them: 'it's all right: we do n't want 'every man to be his own lawyer,' as you say—and he *could n't be*, any how, if Latin was made the plainest English to him. What kind of legal protection would you have, if every TOM, DICK, and HARRY was a lawyer? All things are changing, as you say, young man; but when you find '*Law made Easy*,' to the meanest comprehension, look out for countless volunteers in our noble profession, to whom good Latin and correct English are alike inaccessible.' And here the Chancellor left the car, nearly opposite (east side) of BROWN's noble equestrian statue of WASHINGTON, Union-Square. - - - We had only space in our last number, to allude briefly to the recent death of Professor CHARLES BRACKETT HADDOCK, at West-Lebanon, (N. H.,) promising a farther reference to the lamented decease of this eminent man. Professor HADDOCK, as we gather from a near family relative, was born at Salisbury, (N. H.,) in 1796. His father was a native of Massachusetts, and his mother a favorite sister of EZEKIEL and DANIEL WEBSTER. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1816, and after devoting three years to the study of theology, was in 1819 appointed to the chair of Rhetoric and Belle-Lettres in that ancient seat of learning, which he occupied until 1838, when he took that of Intellectual Philosophy and Political Economy in the same institution, which he held until 1851. In that year he left for Lisbon to perform the duties of Charge de Affairs from the United States to Portugal, to which he was appointed by Mr. FILLMORE. In 1855 he returned to this country. He did not resume the active discharge of the duties of his professorship, except by occasional lectures before the classes; but while devoting himself much to agriculture in his charming home on the banks of the Connecticut, he found time to revise for the press a large portion of his writings, and to bring to a nearly-finished state an agreeable work on Portugal, which was first to be published in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. Per-



haps few other men of his time have lived a life so continuously and so eminently useful. From the period that he was qualified to preach, (omitting the few years he was absent in Lisbon,) he discoursed regularly twice on each Sabbath in some one of the neighboring villages. He could, of course, perform few pastoral duties, but he was beloved by his hearers as a pastor. He delivered two sermons the Sunday before he died. For thirty-two years he discharged the active duties of his professorship, and more than half the alumni of Dartmouth are numbered among his pupils. As a belles-lettres scholar, Professor HADDOCK had no superior in New-England. As a writer his style is remarkable for its finish and its purity. He has written with ability on almost every subject. He was thoroughly versed in public law, and familiar with the policy and aims of the American government. He was nominated for Congress upon the day he died, by the Union State Convention. He was apparently in perfect health the afternoon of his decease. In the evening he complained of indisposition, and retired early, after taking some trifling remedy. This was about nine. His wife was in the room reading, and occasionally addressing him. After a while he fell asleep, as she supposed; but on preparing to retire, herself, she discovered it to be the sleep of death. But so natural, without the slightest appearance of struggle or motion, it was not till it was ascertained that the pulse stood still, and the heart no longer beat, that she could be persuaded he was gone. The funeral services were performed at the village-church in West-Lebanon, and then, attended by a lengthened train composed of professors and students, and the clergy from the entire region, of attached neighbors and friends, and sorrowing relatives, he was borne to the cemetery at Hanover; a lovely spot, indebted chiefly to him for its beauty and rural ornament. His decease will produce a genuine sorrow in the hearts of thousands who acknowledged him for years as instructor and guide, who dwell in every part of the United States, and who admit to this day the controlling influence on them of his teachings and his example. - - - LISTEN once more to our amusing yet meditative and truth-seeking friend '*The Meerschaum-Whiffer*.' We like him for *one* thing: *he loves children*: and like CHARLES LAMB, and for a kindred reason, he comes in below as their defender against what was no long time since '*A Popular Fallacy*,' and which has not altogether departed from many a somewhat *too* 'staid household':

'QUEER things are the crude fancies and half-formed thoughts that lie in a child's brain; sometimes rising almost to the surface; then, lost in a labyrinth of doubt and wonder, wandering back and linking themselves with other fancies, as crude and as bewildering.

'What do you suppose that little fellow is thinking of, as he sits there in the corner, watching the shadows dancing along the wall, and up across the ceiling, as the flame dances and flashes in the fire-place? Not the crops and the prospective price of corn. Not the chances for the success of his favorite candidate: thank HEAVEN! he is not a politician yet. He does not wrinkle his little brow, and wink so hard, because he is puzzled by some abstruse metaphysical question. No, not that; he is not acquainted with FICHTE or KANT, or any of those old fellows. If it is Sunday evening, and he has been reading his Sabbath-school book, he is probably pondering over that apocryphal memoir of some remarkable child, severely pious and moribund with consumption, who was *so* good and *so* happy, and was always overflowing with biblical *bon-mots*. He wonders how any boy *can* be so good, and is sure that if the youthful saint had ever attempted to fly



a 'bully kite,' and found that there was not enough tail, he would have at least *thought* something wicked. He almost wishes that he were troubled with a 'short, hacking cough,' and thinks he would be willing to sit in the house all day, and repeat hymns to himself; but he is afraid that he could not be so contented but that he would sometimes wish to go out into the warm sunshine, and run about, and climb trees, and feel the glow of health upon his cheek.

'Now, I am a young man, and, here at home, am considered quite a modest, unassuming young man: as that genial, ge-lorious, high old brick, MACE SLOPER (Put his name in 'small caps,' Mr. PRINTER, and tell him I do n't charge him any thing for those adjectives) says of himself, 'I'm not one of your smart sort;,' moreover, I have never entered into a matrimonial alliance, and consequently have no experimental knowledge in regard to the management of children: but it does strike me very forcibly, that there is something wrong in this eternal dinging of early piety and ascetic sanctimony in the ears of children.

'I 'name no names;,' I 'have no reference to allusion;,' but, in my brief career upon this terraqueous globe, I have seen boys, good boys at heart, but charged with that buoyancy of young life which cannot be corked up, who, from sheer disgust with the milk-soppiness of the models set before them, have taken the other track, and gone to the devil in double-quick time. Others, less robust, and perhaps more conscientious, finding it impossible to live like these exemplary fictions, have wept bitter tears, and have had their young hearts wrung with pain and sorrow for what they thought their unworthiness. This is a fact.

'Now a boy knows, just as well as you do, that when he has done something that is right, and feels better for it, he does not feel better because some phthysical model in the Sabbath-school book did the same thing, but because it is *right* and he knows it. Then why not teach him the difference between right and wrong, educate his conscience, and let him learn to govern himself by this, and not to attempt to shape his conduct according to some unattainable and altogether fictitious pattern?

'But, bless my soul! I have been moralizing here, and getting myself into an uncomfortable state of honest indignation, till I have let my pipe go out, and kicked over a chair in an angry pantomime, expressive of dismissing the subject.

'The cheerful laughter of those school-boys, as they run by my window, yelling to their hearts' content, and pelting each other with snow-balls, is a salve to my feelings, and I become composed.

'In the juvenile calendar of events, next in importance to the first pair of trowsers, is the wearing them to school for the first time. Between the proud desire to have his name written in the great book, and to hear it called every morning by a grown man, not his father, and a vague dread of the awful silence of the school-house, and the rumored ogreish propensities of the master, the little fellow's mind is much exercised, and he loses much of his accustomed sleep as the day approaches. When this has arrived, and he has passed the ordeal of initiation, the summit of his ambition is reached. He is now 'the most foremost man' about the house: he can't hold a skein of thread for mother; he must get his lesson: he will not build cob-houses for little sister now; for he goes to school and plays with the boys, and it would be altogether beneath his dignity to engage in such childish sport.

'In the waving cloud that lazily floats away from my re-loaded pipe, I see the dingy, weather-stained school-house where my young idea was first taught.

'It was a very modest edifice, with no pretensions to architectural elegance; its principal embellishments being a village of wasps' nests under the eaves, and a tumble-down chimney on the roof. I call the latter an embellishment, as it was never known to make itself useful; but obstinately refused to draw, leaving the room full of smoke and red-

eyed children. A small plat of ground surrounded the building, well trodden by the children's feet — and, I may add, hands; for the occasional appearance of a circus in the vicinity, kept the boys up-ended for weeks afterward.

'How terribly majestic seemed the master, seated at his high desk, or pacing the floor with his great hairy hands folded behind him, the direful ferule peeping out from the ambush of his coat-tail as if on the look-out for a victim! What a mountain of erudition he was! Grammatical rules seemed to nestle in his grizzly beard; and the very wrinkles in his face arranged themselves into sums in Long Division.

'Though he ruled and feruled with the power of an autocrat, he could be mild and gentle at times. Often, when some bashful girl, with blushing, half-averted face, gave him a bouquet of fresh spring flowers, his face would beam with a grateful smile, that made it handsome in spite of its ruggedness and its wrinkles. Many a refractory boy, who trembled at the ominous 'You may remain after school, Sir!' instead of a terrible and well-deserved flogging, received gentle words of kindly admonition and fatherly counsel, that brought tears of honest contrition to his eyes, and subdued the stubborn pride that blows would have only strengthened.

'Something like a bit of muslin seems to flutter by in the smoke, and reveal the rosy cheeks and laughing blue eyes of KATIE, the belle of the school. Her witching coquetry wrought sad havoc among the boys; alternately raising them to the highest pitch of hope, and plunging them into the lowest depths of juvenile despair. Many a time have I stolen out in the dim twilight, and wandered down through the orchard, musing and building gorgeous air-castles, through the brilliantly lighted halls of which flitted the lovely form of her who had that day made me happy by accepting my votive offering — a rose, an apple, or a stick of molasses-candy. I would place her in all imaginable situations of imminent danger, and think how grand it would be to rescue her in some heroic and altogether unexpected manner. I seriously meditated pushing her into the brook some day, so that I might plunge in and bear her to the shore; but before this plan was fully matured, I was invested in a new suit of clothes, and gave it up. I often wished her father's horses would run away with her, and that I might break my arm, or leg, or neck, or some such insignificant member, in stopping them: and then I would be taken into her father's house, and be nursed by her; and would magnanimously refuse to take advantage of her gratitude, but conceal my love till — but here I happened to remember that the horses that were to assist in this drama, were sedate, slow-going plough-nags, never guilty of such an indiscretion as running away.

'Well, KATIE; you are married now, and have forgotten those old times. I am alone yet, and the dim, twilight remembrance of those boyish dreams makes my lot seem more lonely.

'I wonder if your sister FANNIE has grown up as pretty as you were; and if she would not like to see me, and talk of the by-gone days. And then, perhaps, she might — O LORD! —'

N. S. M. J.: 'Nough sed 'mong gemmen.' - - - '*The Christian Intelligencer*,' the organ of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in the United States, now in its thirty-second volume, has been greatly enlarged, changed from the folio to the quarto form, and printed upon new types, which renders it now one of the handsomest of the religious journals of this Union. We know of no similar sheet more industriously or more ably edited. Rev. ELBERT S. PORTER, to whose editorial charge the journal has long been confided, is an admirable writer; terse, clear, various, '*spicy*:' in short, he knows *how* to edit a paper, and he *does* it. He *writes* well, as we have said; but it is not alone writing well which constitutes a good editor; the prevailing good taste and catholic

spirit which characterize the *selections*; the care with which all the several departments are supplied; these are as much a part of good editorship, as the literally 'original' thoughts which proceed from the editor's mind and pen: and these qualities, by intuitive perception, and by long experience, Mr. PORTER possesses in an eminent degree. Mr. GRAY, who has printed the *Intelligencer* for so many years, has gone hand in hand with his pastor, the editor, in making the *Intelligencer* acceptable to its subscribers, who were never so numerous as now, and yet the number is constantly increasing. Mr. E. R. ATWATER, Number 103 Fulton-street, is the publisher. - - - Thus 'BEVERLEY, an old and favorite correspondent, at Green-Bank'd Burlington-on-Delaware:

'Is there not, my dear literary gossip, a most beautiful allusion to the emblematic properties of the wedding-ring in the following lines, I take from my *Commonplace Book*? Where I first found them, when I *potted* them for preservation, passeth my comprehension, but I have a kind of dim recollection that they were in an anonymous collection of poems published at Dublin in the latter part of the last century:

'Presentation of the Wedding-Ring.

'EMBLEM of happiness, not bought or sold,  
Accept this modest ring of virgin gold,  
Love in the small but perfect circle trace,  
And duty in its soft though strict embrace:  
Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife;  
Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life.  
Connubial love disdains a fragile toy,  
Which rust can tarnish, or a touch destroy;  
Nor much admires what courts the gen'ral gaze,  
The dazzling diamond's meretricious blaze,  
That hides with glare the anguish of the heart  
By nature hard, though polished bright by art.  
More to my taste the ornament that shows  
Domestic bliss, and without glaring glows.  
Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the mind  
To all correct, to one discreetly kind.  
Of simple elegance, the unconscious charm,  
The holy amulet to keep from harm,  
To guard at once and consecrate the shrine:  
*Take this dear pledge; it makes and keeps thee mine.'*

'And yet I am by no means prepared to say, that in genuine poetry, real pathos, and loyal devotion, they are not surpassed by the following lines of that eloquent divine and gifted poet, the late Bishop DOANE of New-Jersey. By-the-by, have you ever read his 'Poems by the Way?' If not, your poetical education has been sadly neglected, and I would advise you at once to enter upon their thoughtful perusal. They are to be found at the conclusion of the first volume of his works, aptly finishing off, and completing a memoir by his son — a memoir, where the chords of that son's heart-memories, swept by the pressure of his great sorrows, give forth most plaintive music about the loved and lost. The lines referred to are the following:

'On a very Old Wedding-Ring.

THE DEVICE: Two hearts united.

THE MOTTO: 'Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.'

'I LIKE that ring, that ancient ring  
Of massive form and virgin gold,  
As firm and free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I like it, for it wafts me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men and other days,  
To men and days of deeds sublime.

'But most I like it, as it tells  
The tale of well-requited love;  
How youthful fondness persevered,  
And youthful faith disdained to rove.

I like its old and quaint device;  
'Two blended hearts,' though time may wear them;  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
'Till death,' shall e'er in sunder tear them.

'Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,  
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,  
In changeless, heart-felt holy love,  
These two the world's rough pathways trod.  
Age might impair their youthful fires,  
Their strength might fail 'mid life's bleak weather,  
Still hand in hand they travelled on —  
Kind souls! they slumber now together.

'I like its simple poesy too:  
'Mine own dear love, this heart is thine!  
Thine when the dark storm howls along,  
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.  
This heart is thine, mine own dear love!  
Thine, and thine only, and forever;  
Thine till the springs of life shall fail,  
Thine till the chords of life shall sever.

'Remnant of days departed long;  
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken;  
Pledge of devoted faithfulness;  
Of heart-felt, holy love, the token;  
What varied feelings round it cling,  
For these I like that ancient ring.'

It strikes us that this is good. - - - Our friend and old-time correspondent, 'H. P. L.,' of Philadelphia, who is always lively and entertaining, and who has enriched his mind and his port-folio with incidents of travel, which he encountered in journeyings and voyagings over about half of this 'terraqueous globe,' sends us the following account of '*His Friend the Mummy*,' an authentic story, which was narrated to him under the shadow of the Great Pyramid in Egypt, by old Dr. S —, of Cairo, formerly physician of MEHEMET ALL. Touching a former sketch of his in these pages, the writer says: 'I sent you some time since a *bona-fide* fact of the most boneified description — a tale of a '*Little Black Slipper*:' the thing, like 'Poor PILLICODDY,' is eternally 'turning up,' ('that's so,' let us add, for it has been copied into half the daily and weekly journals of the country,) and I am often asked if it was a fact: IT WAS! I am some months returned from Outre Mer, one year and a half in fact, (a century and a half, computing by feelings,) yet 'nary a KNICK' has been sent to me:

'As nearer still and nearer  
The fatal stars appear,  
The living shall be dearer  
With each encircling year;  
Till a few old men shall say,  
'We remember, 'tis the day:  
Let it pass with a glass' —  
We are faithful friends for aye!'

'H. P. L.' is placed everlastingly upon our mail-book: and now 'Lysten Gentle Men and Ladys al,' to '*His Friend the Mummy*:'

'*'AL-LA'-HOO AK' BAR. ASH-HADOO AN LA' I-LA'-HA, IL-LA-LLAH!*' sang the Mooedin from the Menaret of the mosque in the Muskih, and in answer to the call to prayer

up rolled the incense of pipe and segar-smoke from four infidels sitting after dinner on a *deewan*, and looking down from the *meshrebeeyeh* of the Hotel des Pyramides on the brilliant street scenes of Cairo.

'We were out to the review this morning,' spoke CARABIN GREENE, blowing a cloud of Latakiah from a long *tchibouk*, 'and saw you through a cloud of dust and sun-light darting among the artillery.'

'So!' answered the gallant Colonel of the Pasha's artillery, handsome BLUMEL BEY; 'You went out to the review? Mein Gott, it was a hard day's work; I was eight hours in the saddle; six hours yesterday, may be ten hours to-morrow. But we will have a *Fantasia* at the Barrage next week — then you'll see Himmel's leiter!'

'Better Cairo than Gizah? eh, Colonel?' inquired old Doctor S —.

'Ja wohl! and better Gizah than Assonan, the place where we fed on sugar and water for three days, until half the army had the dyspepsia. At Gizah one had the Pyramids for food — for reflection, and jackal-hunts for recreation.'

'But at Assonan you had the Ghawazee in rose-colored tabs and silk shintiyans to dance you to destruction!' said CARABIN.

'Galvanized mummies!' growled the old doctor. 'The Bey has been too long in Egypt to be lured on by such —. Kohl-stained eyes and henna-dyed nails, rose veils, and so on, are an old story now. But I've a story about mummies that's good, and when JUSEF brings the coffee I'll tell it to you.'

'So when coffee came, the Doctor, between Mocha sips and segar puffs, told the following story:

'Some years ago the King of Greece determined to be in the fashion, and have his Egyptian Museum like all his brother kings; besides, as Greece was in a state of Egyptian darkness, it would be as appropriate there as in Rome. You know that no European city can compare with Rome, regarding the appropriate arrangement of her Egyptian curiosities. That collection of old gods are entirely comfortable in the Vatican, housed in that shadowy chamber, blue-ceiled and star-gemmed; there solemnly reposing in twilight, they gleam on you with the assurance, 'Here we are at home!' and they are not far from the truth.

'*Basta!* One fine day the King of Greece sent the Signor PICCININI out on an Egyptian cruise, for a lot of old dog-headed, lion-bodied gods; and any other plunder he might find in that well-plundered land.

'Hum!' said the Pasha, old MEHEMET ALI; 'so you've come out here to dig for the King of Greece. I am the man who is up to the times! and I say unto you, as the American who is putting up a cotton-gin for me says: 'Co ahead!''

'PICCININI went ahead; went to Thebes, and commenced excavations. Many things he dug up, a few he sent to the King of Greece. 'He is so particular!' said PICCININI.

'Now there came into Egypt a botanist, one Signor BAFFI; he found it very dry pickings on the desert, so he did not find it difficult to form a *hortus siccus*. Finally he fell sick as a tortoise at Assonan, got a fit of the *ghawazee*, a very dangerous disease thereabouts; but hearing that his friend PICCININI was at Thebes, he determined to find this same learned Theban, and pushed on only to fall into his friend's arms, hear him say, '*Accidente*, BAFFI, I'm glad to see you,' and so end life's journey far from beautiful Italy.

'PICCININI was, as the French say, desolated at his friend's death, and as his friend was wasted to a skeleton, determined to preserve him like a mummy; he therefore bound him up in all the wrappings from a gentleman's burial wardrobe of the time of the PROLEMES, and placed him in a splendid sarcophagus. There to rest until called for.

'PICCININI disposed of many curiosities to an English Quaker named SIMMS, who had a large curiosity-shop in London. Now it unfortunately happened for Signor

BAFFI's friends, that friend SIMMS came up to Thebes one bright day soon after BAFFI's mummification, and nosing around he opened the lid of a sarcophagus, and behold! a *rara avis*, a mummy, with a splendid long jet-black beard, just like an Italian's!

'Verily,' soliloquized SIMMS, 'this is passing strange. That mummy will set me up in London. A mummy with a black beard! I must see PICCININI at once.' He found him smoking a chibouque and drinking a fingan of coffee, with the sheikh, in a mud hut, where there were legions of fleas; these coming in winter to relieve the mosquitoes, who are on guard all summer, in the land of the Egyptians.

'Well, SIMMS, how are you to-day?' said PICCININI.

'Well,' said SIMMS. 'By the way, I wish you would sell me that black-bearded mummy in the granite sarcophagus. You never showed me that. Perhaps it's for Greece?'

'*Pigliate accidente!* why, that's my f——'

'Favorite one,' interrupted SIMMS. 'Ha, I thought so. But come now, name a price.'

'What! sell the body of my dearest ——'

'Yes, to be sure, why not? Come now, if I say a thousand piastres? You see I can afford to buy the dearest curiosity you've got. Beside, it will make a sensation in London.'

'But, *caro mio*, you won't listen to me, I tell you ——'

'Two thousand piastres!' said SIMMS.

'The body of a natural ——'

'Three thousand piastres,' chimed the curiosity-dealer.

'A savant, a botanist — a ——'

'Four thousand, and say you'll take it. Why, I would n't give much more for the best of the Ptolemies, and as for an Egyptian *savant*, why, bless you, they were all savans, and we've been living on what they taught us for thirty centuries. Come now, I must have him.'

'*Amico mio*,' spoke PICCININI, 'that mummy is NOT FOR SALE, I tell you that it is ——'

'Eight thousand piastres, cash down!' said SIMMS, and then he nodded to the sheikh, and said in Arabic: '*Thamāniyah alf piastres.*'

'*Aio, allah!*' groaned the sheikh, as if he wished he had the piastres; and he could n't help looking at his long-barreled, silver-mounted pistols, as if they would help him!

PICCININI's head reeled under the pressure of that last offer, eight thousand piastres! Why he could be Chevalier de l'esperon d'or, have a villa for a month, and — but you all know how an Italian spends his money? *Basta!* HE SOLD HIS FRIEND THE MUMMY.

SIMMS returned to London; previously shipping all his curiosities, including the Black-bearded Mummy. It was warm weather. When the vessel arrived at London, friend SIMMS had a funeral on hand, he had to bury PICCININI'S FRIEND THE MUMMY!

'He wants to see PICCININI!'

'Probably!' - - - 'I SEND you,' writes a friend, 'an ante-Christmas 'say,' of our little MINNIE, who has just passed the 'fourth mile-stone.' To quiet her importunings for a story, I told her to listen to one of our Brooklyn 'Criers,' who was then passing: 'Rags, rags — Any rags to sell?' 'Soon,' said I, 'you will hear another, singing, 'Oys-ters — Oys-ters:' and another, 'Brooms — Want any brooms?' — And still another, 'Any tin-ware to mend?' And lastly, a colored 'pusson,' with his shrill voice ringing out: 'Sweep — O!



Sweep, sweep — O !' I was here interrupted with : ' Papa, what does *he* want ?' I told her that his business was to sweep the dirt and soot from the chimneys. For a moment she seemed lost in thought ; then turning quickly, as the idea flashed upon her, her eyes, hands, lips, all speaking, she said : ' Papa, won't you ask him to sweep our chimney, so when 'SANTA CLAUS' comes to bring me nice things, he won't get his pantaloons all black ?' See from this, that *our* 'Children's Talk' is really *Child-Talk*. - - - We were looking the other evening in the sanctum — a little girl leaning over one shoulder, and a little boy crossing hands with her on the other — at a nice illustrated volume from the press of the BROTHERS HARPER, '*The Children's Picture-Book of Quadrupeds and other Mammalia* ;' and much entertainment we had in an examination of HARVEY's sixty-one engravings, contained in the same. When we opened the book, in presence of the younglings, we 'cal'lated to lectur', and we *did* : and the 'audience' seemed much edified — the 'umble' lecturer was, 'any way.' Of the LION we spake : and, that juvenile 'progress' might be 'reported,' the whole story of the Prophet DANIEL was rehearsed to us : how that *he* was n't afraid of the lions, when they put him down into their den, and how the lions did n't care a cent for *him* ; what a narrow escape he had ; and how he got out at last, safe and sound. Then we sang, 'by request,' '*What's become of Good Old Daniel?*' which was enthusiastically encored : particularly these three verses :

' He went through the Den of Lions,  
He went through the Den of *Ly-yons*,  
He went through the *Dea'n* of *Ly-yons*,  
Safe to the Promised Land.

' And the *Ly-yons* did n't bite him,  
Ad'nd the *Ly-yons* did not *bite* hib'm,  
Ad'nd the *Ly-yons* *did* — not — *bite* — *hib'm*,  
Going to the Promised Land.

' By-and-by, we'll go and *see* him,  
By-and-by, we'll *go-o-o-h* ! and see him,  
By-ad'nd by we'll go, ad'nd *se-e-e* hib'm,  
'Way in the Promised Land !'

The Monkey Chapter was fruitful of remark, of which 'more anon : ' little JULIA having an ingenious 'theory' on that Simian topic, which we think worthy of ventilation. By-and by, we came to the ELEPHANT : and in scrutinizing his 'portraiture,' which is a very natural one, there came suddenly out of one of the cells of Memory a little incident which made us 'laugh consumedly' at the time ; and which, having once seen, it would be difficult to forget. We were returning by steamer from Philadelphia, on a lovely summer morning. The boat lay at the Chestnut-street wharf : and among the quadrupedal freight on board was a Menagerie of wild animals : an 'unparalleled collection,' to quote the crimson *affiche*, which was to be exhibited the next day at Burlington, New-Jersey, on the beautiful green-banked river. The whole 'show' was shipped, except the ELEPHANT, the King of the Quadrupedal Force ; and *he* was seen descending the lower slope of Chestnut-street, 'taking it leisurely,' with two men holding upon two ropes, or small chains, which were attached to his rearward 'limbs,' formerly known as 'hind-legs.' The captain had been waiting several minutes for him, at the request of the 'Proprietors,' and had become not a little impatient at the delay : and as 'time' passed on, and the Great Beast much behind it, he directed a snort from the steam-pipe : the ELEPHANT heard



it; looked up with his small peaked eyes at the white vapor melting in the blue atmosphere; flapped twice, and very deliberately, his great, corrugated, gray-spotted, leather-apron ears; and saying as plainly as if he had been an Ass, and had inherited the gift of 'free speech' from his 'illustrious predecessor' in BALAAM's time: 'I like not *that*: I am not going in *that* boat: I can wait: there's too much steam on there: come, gentlemen, let us return!' 'And so saying,' he revolved square around, and without looking back, and with only one sluggish wink with his little dull eye, as he changed his direction, he walked up Chestnut-street, his 'gentlemen'-guides pulling the while at his legs, an opposition which he regarded with a most ludicrous indifference. He was exhibiting *one* element of the true SUBLIME: 'great Power, in Motion.' What a stern aspect the old fellow presented, as he disappeared from the laughing crowd on the steam-boat, about half-way between Third and Chestnut! You ought to have seen him! - - - OUR readers will remember the recent publication of a very beautiful and attractive little volume, containing contributions from many, indeed nearly all of our most eminent writers: DR. HAWKS, BRYANT, DR. OSGOOD, LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, LOWELL, etc. It was lately referred to by us in the 'Gossip,' as being for the exclusive benefit of *Miss Davenport, the Blind Lady*. She had been around the metropolis with it, accompanied by a lad to lead her, and by the aid of the pitying benevolent and humane, had accumulated some two hundred and fifty dollars. She was afraid of banks, and had changed the money into twenty-dollar gold-pieces, which she always carried, strongly wrapped up in a piece of paper, about her person. One day, not long since, she was upon her rounds, soliciting subscriptions, when she discovered that she had lost her roll of twenty-dollar gold-pieces! What could the poor soul do, but lift up her voice in the street, and weep at her great loss? We had heard from her own lips, how *suddenly* she had become blind; had introduced her by letter to friends in Boston and Philadelphia; had secured valuable contributions to her book; and were *trying* to indite something of our own for her pages, when we were advised that the general *sentiment* of almost all the articles which were to precede it were of the same general character: so we withdrew it. But MISS DAVENPORT's great misfortune did not come 'singly.' A few days ago the little boy who was feet and eyes to her, and was a practised, intelligent guide, fell sick and died. She is herself ill, and can no longer seek subscribers for her little book: but it is for sale, *for her benefit*, at RANDOLPH's Book-store, corner of Broadway and Amity-street. Metropolitan reader, if you want a 'new sensation,' and a sweet night's sleep, as you pass up Broadway call and purchase a copy of the little volume; and as you walk along with it under your arm, think what an *awful* thing it is to become suddenly blind: and when you get home, after tea, seat yourself before your glowing grate, and read the following affecting incident. The scene is in a remote part of Devonshire, England; and the dialect, so quaint and singular, imparts to the sad story an added pathos, which cannot fail to bring tears to many a cheek. A gentleman who had not seen his nurse for some years, happening to be in a village where she lived, calls on her, when the following conversation ensues:

'NURSE: 'LOR a massy, Sir, is it you? Well, sure, I be cruel glad to zee ye! How is mistress and the young ladies—and maister?'

'MASTER: 'All well, nurse, and desire to be kindly remembered to you. You are quite stout, I am glad to see—and how is your husband?'

'NURSE: 'My husband! Oh! mayhap, Sir, you ha'n't a heard the news?'

'MASTER: 'The news! No. I hope he is not dead?'

'NURSE: 'Oh! no, Sir, but he's dark.'

'MASTER: 'Dark? what, blind! How did that happen?'

'NURSE: 'Why, there now, Sir, I'll tell ye all about it. One morning—'t is so long ago as last apple-picking—I was a-gitting up, and I waked JAHN, and told un 't was time vor he to be upping too. But he was always lazy of a morning: zo a muttered some'at and snoozed round agin. Zo, arter a bit, I spoke to un agin. 'JAHN,' says I, 'what be snoozing there vor?—git up.' 'Zo,' says he, 'what's the use of getting up bevore 't is light?' 'Oh,' says I, 't is n't light, is it? Thee 'st know what's behind the door. I'll zoon tell thee whether 't is light or no, you lazy veller.' 'Then,' says he, turning his head, 'why 't is zo dark as pitch.' Now that did provoke me—I 'll tell yer honor the truth—and I began to wallop un a bit. But—Lor a massy—Goo forgive me! in a minute the blid gushed to my heart—and g'd me zitch a turn, that I was vit to drap! Vor, instead of putting up his arms to keep off the stick, as a used to do, there was he, drawing 'em all abroad!—and a said, 'Don't ye—don't ye—I can't zee! If 't is light, I be dark!' 'Oh!' says I, 'my dear, you be n't to be zure.' 'Ees,' says he, 'I be, zure enough.' Well, I was a-gushed—zo I put down the stick, and looked to his eyes, but I could n't zee nort in 'em. 'Zo,' says I, 'why, there's nort in your eyes, JAHN; you 'll be better by'm by.' Zo I got un up, dressed un, and tookt un to the winder. 'There,' zaid I, 'JAHN, can't you zee now?' But no, a zaid, a could n't. 'Then,' says I, 'I know what 't is. 'T is your zight's a-turned inward.' Zo I tookt a pair of zizzers, not sharp-tapped ones, yer honor, and poked to his eyes to turn the zight outward again, but I could n't. Well, then I brought un down stairs into this here room, yer honor. 'Zo,' says I, 'JAHN can't ye zee in this room, neither?' and a zaid no, a could n't. Well, then I thought of the picturs—he was always cruel vond of picturs—thinks a, 'praps a may zee they; zo I tookt 'em up to thin. 'There,' says I, 'JAHN, do n't ye zee the pictur?—'t is TAPPY riding upon his goat.' But a zaid no, a could n't. Zo then a tookt un up to t' other pictur. 'There'—Sir, he was always very vond of thin—and I pushed his nose close to un; 'there,' zays I, 'to be sure you see this pictur, can't ye?' But a zaid no. 'Why,' zaid I, 't is JOSEPH and his brethren; there they be—there be twelve of 'em—can't ye zee ne'er a one of 'em?' But a zaid no, could n't zee none of 'em. 'Then,' zays I, 't is a bad job—your zight's a-turned inward.' Zo we pomsterred with un a bit, and then tried some doctor's trade, but it did n't do un no good: and, at last, we was told there was a vine man at Exeter vor zitch things—so we zent un up to he. Well, there—the Exeter doctor zeed un, and tookt his box of tools, and zarched about his eyes a bit; and, then a zent un home with this word, that he could n't do un no good, and nobody else could n't do un no good.'

Here withal 'the water will stand in your eyes.' - - - TWENTY-four years ago the following imitation of the '*Chaldean Chronicles*' of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER. Our old friends, EX-Recorder TALMADGE, Professor MAPES, and the 'scribe whose countenance was like unto the sun in his rising,' will at least smile to see our weekly club renewed again in print. Many years have elapsed since we were wont to meet in that certain 'upper chamber;' yet, with the single exception of the 'Laird o'Wallabout,' who 'wore a coat of many colors,' all the personages mentioned are 'alive and well;' even the oldest of them evincing neither mental nor physical decay:

AND there dwelt in the city of Gotham a man whose habitation was in a cavern, in which were many mansions, and whose name was like unto the storms of heaven.

2 For the name of this man was as the Wind that bloweth where it listeth, and as the dust of the earth.

3 ¶ And he dealt in the good things of this life:

4 And strong drink.

5 And in the cavern of this man was an upper chamber, in which much people did congregate.

6 And they did eat, drink, and were merry; for they wist not that it was wrong temperately to enjoy the 'kindly fruits of the earth,' and the wine of the vineyards thereof.

7 And the chief of these men sat in high places; yet nevertheless he cast off his

robes, and became as one of the people; yea, and he was comely to look upon.

8 And this man was fair of speech, and in his tongue was the law of kindness.

9 And the widows and the virgins, yea, even the married women of the city of Gotham, worshipped him:

10 And worshipped he them.

11 And after him there came to the mansion of the man whose name was like unto the storms of heaven, a citizen of short stature, and whose countenance was like unto the cherubim and the seraphim, whose heads are engrafted on the tombstones of the ancients.

12 But he preached unto the multitude in an unknown tongue:

13 Because they did not understand the wisdom of the words which he uttered.

14 Howbeit, when he asked of them con-

cerning their understanding of the words which he preached, they answered and said unto him, 'Yea, verily, we do understand the wisdom of thy words.'

15 But they lied in their throats.

16 Nevertheless this man was upright in the face of the Lord, and he remembered the widow and the fatherless, and forgat them not.

#### CHAP. II.

AND one of the people which did congregate in the cavern of the man whose name was like unto the storms of heaven, dwelt afar off, even beyond the river of Jordan.

2 And there was a Wall-about his dwelling, and he wore a coat of many colors.

3 Nevertheless this man dispensed his substance with a free hand and a bountiful, to all who entered his gates:

4 And the Lord prospered him, for he loved his fellow-men.

5 But he wrangled with the man whose face was like unto the cherubim on the tomb-stones of the ancients.

6 And after they had disputed for a long space, the one said, 'I have conquered.'

7 ¶ But the other answered and said, 'Lo! I have conquered thee this day.'

8 Nevertheless they remained steadfast in their friendship, and they did eat and drink together as before.

9 And the words which they uttered passed for naught.

10 ¶ And yet another man came into the upper chamber, who was well-favored.

11 And all the men of Gotham, yea, and likewise the women thereof, turned their hearts toward him; for he also was fair to look upon.

12 And this man delivered unto the people from time to time, even once every full moon, a book of surpassing wisdom.

13 For in it was engraven the wisdom of the wise in all the region round about.

14 And the name of this book was like unto the Great Enemy's, and the color of the covering thereof was as the firmament of heaven.

15 And the young men and maidens of

Gotham yearned for the book, for great was their admiration thereof.

#### CHAP. III.

AND it came to pass that while these men were making merry in an upper chamber, there came a sound like unto the sound of an horseman horsing upon his horse.

2 And there appeared in their midst a scribe, of a countenance like unto the sun in the brightness of his rising, and of much learning in the law.

3 And when he looked around, and saw the loaves, and the fishes, and the fowls of the air spread before him, and likewise the hidden treasures of the sand, he pronounced them good.

4 Because he was an hungered or athirst continually, and greatly coveted the companionship of his brother-scribes.

5 Howbeit, he was a friend to the poor, and to him that cried in the highways of the city.

6 Moreover, when even was come, he played a strain upon a wind-instrument.

7 Now it came to pass that when the man who was a scribe, and a man of much learning in the law, beheld the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the hidden treasures of the sand, he did laugh in his heart.

8 ¶ But when the men asked of him concerning his mirth, he answered and said unto them, 'Yea, verily, I cannot answer.'

9 And the man whose countenance was like unto the cherubim took from under his girdle a box of curious workmanship, inlaid with gold, made by the hands of a cunning artificer.

10 And when he had opened the box, he took therefrom a weed of strong flavor, which he put into his mouth, and did chew it even as the ox cheweth his cud.

11 And he returned the box of curious workmanship back to the place whence it came.

12 And after the men had partaken of the feast, they left the cavern, and the mansions thereof, and went on their way rejoicing.

APPROPOS of the man 'whose name was as the WIND that bloweth where it listeth, and as the DUST of the earth:' *he* too is extant; with an eye as bright and a step as alert as they were twenty years ago: nor have his beef-steaks lost their preëminence, or his potatoes their mealy renown: as once in a great while, when detained late in town, we have had occasion to test. 'I have noticed one thing,' said HENRY WARD BEECHER, in his remarks upon the opening of the 'Fourth Ward Reading and Coffee-Room,' 'that men of the world in meeting me say: 'Let us go up to WINDUST's. Well, what was to be found there? Something that they could get better there than any where else.' The dominie was right: and WINDUST has been forty years in winning such 'golden opinions from all sorts of people.' - - - We take pleasure in calling attention to the Advertisement of the *Rockland Female Institute*, at Nyack on the Hudson, a stately and commodious edifice, in one of the most picturesque and beautiful situations on our glorious river. An excellent school, in all respects.